

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME IX.

RHINELANDER, ONEIDA CO., WISCONSIN. THURSDAY, April 23, 1891.

NUMBER 12

Real Estate Loan and Insurance

EXCHANGE.

I have over 300 of the most desirable Residence Lots in Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from \$100 to \$500 each. Also many of the Finest Business Sites.

Time given purchasers who intend buying. Sole agent for all property of M. L. S. & W. R'y Co. Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and others.

LOANS.

I can place any amount of money on improved Real Estate at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 1 to 5 years time, netting from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

INSURANCE

I represent several of the Heaviest and most liberal and reliable Insurance Companies doing business in the world, and make a specialty of writing Fire Insurance at Equitable Rates.

ABSTRACT

The only Abstracts of Oneida Lands. Two Complete Sets

Office on Dayton street. **PAUL BROWNE.**

O. F. Wissler

MAKER OF FINE

CIGARS

The "Soo" and O. F. W
ARE OUR SPECIALTIES.

RHINELANDER, - WISCONSIN.

Central Market, STEVENS ST.

JAS. GLEASON,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

MEATS, PROVISIONS, FISH AND GAME.

Our customers can rely upon securing good fresh meat, fair treatment and as low prices as it can be sold for. We solicit a share of the city trade. Market next to C. O. D. Store. RHINELANDER, WIS.

E. G. SQUIER

DEALER IN—

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Etc.,
Repairing and Engraving Neatly Done.

Carry a full stock of the best make of watches in the best gold and silver cases at very low prices.

Store in Fausts' Block. Rhinelander, Wisconsin

THE OLD AND RELIABLE FIRM,

CRANE, FENELON & CO.,

—Always Have on Hand a Full Line of—

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Call and get prices before buying elsewhere.

Rhineland Hospital.

RHINELANDER - WIS

A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION.

For \$20.00 your doctor's bill, nursing and board is paid, and a home provided you in case of sickness or injury, during the period of one year. No man without a home can afford to be without a ticket on this hospital. We will take pleasure in showing you through the hospital at any time.

M. DODD, Resident Surgeon.



BOUND TO DIE.

Michael Lang Finally Succeeds in Shooting On.

After an unsuccessful attempt some two months ago to take his life by cutting his throat, and later by poison, Mike Lang made the job a success, Tuesday by throwing himself in front of the south bound accommodation on the Lake Shore line near Newbold. Engineer Cook and Fireman Whitney saw a man lying on the track and as he failed to get up in response to the whistle the train was slackened up. Lang then arose and left the track, but as soon as the train was under full headway he ran up and laid his head on the rail. The pilot struck it, breaking his neck and crushing the jaw. He was brought to town and expired in about two hours. The remains were buried by the town, as he had no relatives in this country.

Lang formerly worked about here, for a time with the section crew on the Lake Shore. He was always considered a little crazy and of late it had grown worse rapidly.

An inquest taken at Rhinelander, County of Oneida, State of Wisconsin, on the 21st day of April, 1891, before Jacob Jewell, coroner, in and for said county, upon viewing the dead body of Michael Lang there dead, by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed, who being duly sworn to inquire on behalf of the state when, in what manner and by what means the said Michael Lang came to his death, upon their oath do say the said coroner and jury that the said Michael Lang came to his death by suicidal intent by throwing himself on the track of the M. L. S. & W. Railroad before an approaching train. In testimony whereof the said coroner and jurors of this inquest have hereto set their hands in the year and day aforesaid.

JACOB JEWELL, Coroner.

THOS. UNGERS,

J. M. HARRIGAN,

D. L. JENKINSON,

THOS. COLLINS,

S. E. ROUGH,

T. W. STEVENSON.

Take Warning.

Each and every property owner and tenant in the village of Rhinelander is hereby notified that all premises must be cleaned without delay. You are hereby ordered to remove all filthy rubbish and decaying vegetable matter from your premises within the next twenty-four hours or it will be done by proper authorities and charged up to your property. All rubbish and offensive matter must be dumped on the following tract of land purchased for a village dumping ground.

Five acres in the North East quarter of the South East quarter of Section 7, Town 36, Range 9, East, being 20 rods from the 1st post South along the road and 40 rods west.

You are further notified that all swine must be immediately removed beyond the platted limits of the village, and all pens and sties within such platted sections must be immediately cleaned and properly disinfected.

By order Board of Health.

A. W. BROWN,

A. W. BROWN,

CHAS. WATSON,

I. M. TETTER,

Health Officer.

A Homestead Sale.

In these days when everybody is grabbing for a home, and in the vicinity of Rhinelander, it is quite true that a snip should be overlooked for years, and finally picked up by accidental discovery. About ten years ago the government decided to Cornell University, by mistake, the east half of the N. E. and Lot 1 in sec. 42 Range 4 Town 15. The deed was cancelled soon after and the University have no record of the land on their books. Lincoln county, to which this land then belonged, was assessing taxes against it each year and the tax-deeds were purchased by the Wisconsin River Land Co. Many lumbermen have looked over the place with idea of buying it from the Wisconsin River Land folks, and about three months ago they quit claimed it to E. L. Rutledge, of Chippewa Falls for some thing over \$3,000. James Plunkett, of Eau Claire, had before been looking at it, and on going to Wausau discovered that it was vacant. He immediately filed on it, and is now living there. He can get nearly \$1,500 for the pine when he proves up.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Fisher, of LaCrosse, are visiting at E. Berg's.

The maple sugar party and the dime social last evening were both successes.

Flour, feed and hay in quantities to suit the customer and at prices very low at Edwards & Flynn's.

Arthur Taylor has moved his family here and is settled in one of E. B. Crofoot's homes.

Genial Samuel Shaw, the efficient attorney of Forest county, ably attended to a case in our excellent circuit court this pleasant week.

Rev. Mr. Glickwell will preach his farewell sermon in the congregational church next Sunday morning and evening. A full house should greet him.

Spot the Traitor.

When a man will betray his own county, his own neighbors and his own home he is a scoundrel who will bear watching in any move he makes. Some men can do this and by their monumental cheek still live in a community and do business. The people of Oneida county are hardly the class who will rush to the support of such a scoundrel when he is known. This county and this section of the country has about all it can properly attend to to keep the land companies from killing the growth and advancement of this part of the state, and when a man living up here will sell us out body and soul and join hands with such men as Lloyd and the Northwestern Railroad managers in "cinching" everybody up here, it is time for the people to know and understand what kind of a hypocrite they are harboring. Sam Shaw, of Crandon, has put in the winter in "doing up" his own county. As a paid lobbyist for the Northwestern road and several land companies, he has done their bidding. They desired to have the Inspection Law repealed. He worked for its repeal, and when the people of Oneida sent a lobby to Madison to try and save their county from the repeal he helped them have the bill so amended because—first, he had to—the men who were there would stand no such "double-crosses" as he has been giving the Forest county people. Second, the Northwestern road was not particularly opposed to this county as they have no interests here. Nevertheless when the bill was amended and passed exempting Oneida county, the men who wanted the whole Inspection Law repealed, were in possession of actual knowledge that the bill would never become a law. They later had it recalled from the governor, where it was sure to be voted as unconstitutional and attempted to have it recommended by the Senate Judiciary committee for a straight out and out repeal. The men asking for this, strongly were the Land, Log & Lumber Co. The C. & N. W. railroad wanted the law repealed but were willing to have this county excepted, providing it would not hurt their chances of the repeal, but so far as they or any of their agents, Sam Shaw included, strived to give this county any "show for their alley," it was only dependent upon its not interfering with their plans to "cramp" the counties having Northwestern Railway lands within their borders. These are facts which cannot be disproved. Sam Shaw, a resident of Forest county, who is not only wholly without interests here other than to get a pull at the county or town treasuries, but who is giving this and every other county up here the double cross, whenever the Northwestern road or the big land companies tell him to, has the gall to ask the people and the public officers to give patronage to him and his paper, which was brought here at the Madison Democrat's instigation, to force the New North and Herald in to either buying it out or dividing the public patronage. He has no claim upon the town, the county, or its people. If business men will give him their support, then there is no argument for a paper to advance as to why home merchants and home institutions should be patronized against outsiders. Shaw has as much right to engage in business here as anyone else, but his claims for support are as barren of merit as his hand shakes are amusing.

The New Town Board.

held its first meeting Tuesday. A number of bills were allowed and some matters of importance decided upon. William Armstrong was appointed policeman on the North side, and John Schroeder, who was recommended by his comrades, was made Chief of the Fire Department at a salary of one hundred dollars. The board accepted a proposition to have the proceeding published in the New Northland Herald for the sum of fifty dollars. An ordinance was passed preventing the keeping of live hogs within the platted limits and compelling all owners or occupants of property to deposit all decayed matter, old, slops, filth, etc., on the N. E. E. Sec. 7, 24 or 9, when the board purchased of E. S. Shupard for \$100.00. The Rhinelander Hospital was contracted with to care for all town patients at \$7.00 per week. The town board will constitute the board of health. The following applications for school licenses were accepted: K. Thorp, Robert Reed, Jos. Dillon, E. L. Fuller, J. E. Hiller, H. E. Lewis, (23) Olson & Nelson, Johnson & O'Donnell, Thos. McDermott Sr., Jay Martin, Dick Wesley, Frank Lambert, Felix Dolan, M. Johnson, P. L. Givney, Chas. Johnson, Wienbeck & Carlson, Hagan & Beck, Wm. Daniels, H. Chesnut, Jerry Driscoll, A. Lindsay, A. Anderson.

The application of Nelson & Olson for a saloon on Brown street, near the Soo track, was refused.

The board adjourned to meet again on Saturday.

A Social will be held for the benefit of the Catholic society at J. G. Dunn's residence Tuesday night. Ice cream and cake will be served. Everybody is cordially invited.

The platting of land recently purchased by the Advancement association has been completed by Surveyor Dore.

The Door Factory buildings will be started as soon as the ground can be cleared.

In Circuit Court.

Court convened Monday. The criminal cases which were taken up first were rapidly disposed of.

Robert Anderson, accused of stealing some clothing, was acquitted.

Dan Hayes, accused of stealing a watch and money at Dan McDonald's camp was acquitted.

John Roberts who took \$101.00 for safe keeping, and claimed he was robbed of it, was convicted of larceny.

The case of Alex McNeen was continued until next term.

W. J. Boyer was promptly acquitted of assault with intent to do great bodily harm.

The case of Emmett McGrath is now on trial.

H. C. Kiehl was granted a divorce from Laura Kiehl and \$1650 alimony paid.

In case of Gen. Gummer vs. M. E. Ely, change of venue was taken to Lincoln county.

Wa-be-ke-kek vs. A. M. Sherman, charged to Eau Claire county.

A. L. Deane vs. Town of Pelican, continued one term.

H. G. Helzel vs. W. H. Stubbings continued by consent.

Herman Canitz vs. Soo Lumber Co. D. Graham vs. W. H. Stubbings; T. B. Walsh vs. Stubbings all continued.

C. Hanson was granted a divorce from Julia A. Hanson.

G. H. Clark has purchased Thomas Thompson's home on Oneida Avenue and will build a fine new residence on the lot.

Take in Johnson's dance at the Rhinelander opera house, Saturday night, April 25. Griffin's dance orchestra will furnish excellent music for the occasion. Perfect order will be maintained throughout. Everybody is extended a cordial invitation to come and enjoy themselves. Tickets fifty cents.

A package of the best garden seeds with every 100 lbs. of flour at Edwards & Flynn's flour and feed store.

Wanted.

A girl to do house work inquire of Mrs. D. B. Stevens.

NOTICE.

WASCO, WIS., April 23, 1891.

Application having been made at this office by Charles Woodcock for a hearing to determine his rights as a settler upon the lands hereinafter described, under his application made at this office Jan. 15, 1891, to wit: Lots 11, 12 and 13, Section 21, Township 22 N., Range 9, East, 1st 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211th, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 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BRIGHT CHINESE GIRLS.

The Two Smartest Women of Their Race in America.

Now One of Them Assists in Rescuing Other Girls in the Chinese Quarter—The Trials of Chun Fuh, the "Blind Blossom."

If the morals of the 52,000 Chinese residents of the United States were what they should be, Chun Fuh and Chun Moolie would be the two smartest women of their race in this country. Chun Fuh is bright and pretty. Chun Moolie is blind. They are inmates of the Chinese mission home of the Presbyterian church in San Francisco. Chun Fuh, says the New York Sun, has been largely instrumental in the rescue of hundreds of Chinese girls who were brought to this country by some mysterious means and placed in brothels. She is about twenty-two years of age, and has been an inmate of the home for more than ten years. She was rescued from the clutches of an old woman, and is the pet of the mission. She is a ray of sunshine in the gloom which surrounds the lives of forty girls who are sheltered by the mission. Her name in English would be "Spring Blossom." She speaks English as fluently as she does the three or four dialects of her own country.

In the work of saving girls held prisoners in the brothels of the Chinese quarter, Chun Fuh is indispensable to Miss Margaret Culbertson and other missionaries. When a girl whose personality and childish timidity indicate her extreme youth is taken from one of the dives, the keeper of it immediately resorts to the never-failing writ of habeas corpus. Miss Culbertson obeys the summons, and, with her attorney, the victim, Chun Fuh, and a policeman to prevent surprises and the recapture of the girl by the dive keeper and his hired highlanders, goes to court. Old Chinese women make repeated attempts to reach the rescued girl, and if they succeed frequently coerce her by threats to bear out their perjuries. The dive-keeper gives what pretends to be a history of the girl, which makes her out to be eighteen or nineteen years of age, and asserts that the girl was an inmate of his place with the consent of her husband and mother. The alleged husband testifies in a very bland way that he married the girl in China or Victoria, B. C., a couple of years before, and a vicious old woman swears that the girl is her daughter, and that she saw her married to the preceding witness. Chun Fuh listens to all of the testimony, and when the court signals she turns to the covering little creature cowering under the menacing looks of her owner and his henchmen and briefly translates to her what the witnesses have said. She asks if what has been said is true, and while the victim is preparing to answer keeps her eyes on the men and women who by signs are threatening her. The first movement on their part causes a protest from Chun Fuh, and the judge orders the room cleared. Continuing her interrogations, Chun Fuh elicits from the victim that the previous testimony is false; that she is only fourteen years of age, and was sold by her father when she was a child. The judge dismisses the writ, and remands the rescued girl to the care of the missionaries.

Chun Moolie, the "Blind Blossom," is twenty-four years of age. She has been an inmate of the home for several years. She was born in Nevada, but when only ten years of age she was taken to San Francisco and turned into the streets. She had no cure, and before she was twelve years of age she became totally blind. As a punishment for her inability to perform any work she was locked up in a chicken coop with fowls for four days without food or water. After her release she was attacked by fever, and her keepers, becoming alarmed, took her to a remote alley of Chinatown and left her to die. She was found by two white men, however, and taken to the home. Not only in reading does her remarkable touch render service, for by passing her fingers over the face of a friend she can distinguish her identity. Her hearing is very acute, and she can identify persons by the sound of their voices and even the tread of their footsteps. She is a patient little body, and she sits at the sunny windows of the home all day knitting and sewing. Chinese women as a rule do not possess tuneful voices, but Chun Moolie can sing, and sing well. She is not an attractive person, but as Chun Fuh, but is very intelligent.

Lake Tahoe's Peculiarities. A tradition has long prevailed that the waters of Lake Tahoe, California, will not sustain the weight of a human body, and that many daring swimmers have perished by venturing into its treacherous depths. A few years ago it was reported that members of the Conte's surveying party had disproved the old notion, which up to that time had been respected by sailors, Spaniards and Americans alike. Now it is recorded that a member of the Conte party denies that the attempt was

A Coincidence. Rentelink—Why so broke up, old man? Hopley—I just met my tailor. His bill is six months over-due. Rentelink—That's nothing. I always take a cursory view of such things. Hopley—That's just the view my tailor took. He called me a blank, blankety-blank fraud.—Judge.

The Secret of Wealth. "The secret of wealth?" said the rich man in a stiff manner. "I cannot say I have any. Still, there are two things—" "And they are?" eagerly interrupted the young inquirer. "I did without ice in summer and did not plumb in winter."—Philadelphia.

MISS KATE GREENAWAY.

The Lady Who Devised Those Queer Frocks for Our Little Ones.

Comparatively few Americans have any conception of the artistic fame of the charming lady who is, in a measure, responsible for the myriad of outline pictures in needlework that have been seen in almost every family sitting-room in the country, ornamenting the backs of easy chairs and settees. But Miss Kate Greenaway is quite as well, or better, known in England by her book illustrations, which have recently appeared in collected form. It is from these illustrations, principally, that the needlework designs alluded to originated, and they have in a marked degree



KATE GREENAWAY.

influenced the fashions in children's dresses during the last few years. The figures of little folk in mob caps, pinafores and frocks that she has so often drawn are always graceful and sometimes quaint, and convey an idea of childish happiness and abandon that catch the fancy. Miss Greenaway is no longer young, but she is still on the sunny side of life and promises to continue there until the end of her days.

A WORLD'S FAIR IDEA.

The Unique Suggestion of a Favorably Known Engineer.

E. S. Ingoldby has, according to the San Francisco Chronicle, evolved an idea for a building in connection with the world's fair at Chicago which is as unique as it is original. The accompanying illustration will give a notion of the conception, and the name, "Liberty Raising the World," supplies the idea that is sought to be conveyed—the sturdy giant, the people long held by the shackles of ignorance and prejudice to the rock of non-revolutionary government, finding himself at last relieved



of such restraint and with a steady effort raising both himself and the world. Mr. Ingoldby has planned the structure to have a height of 350 feet, with a length of base the same. The globe is to be 120 feet in diameter. The main portion of the structure is adaptable as a museum of science, while the globe, which is to be reached by elevators and stairways, he would have devoted to astronomical designs illuminated by electricity. Or another idea is to have the lower part of the structure devoted to national restaurants, in which all help and dishes would be distinctly typical. No accurate estimate of the cost of such a structure has been made, but it is thought it could be made profitable, particularly if the restaurant idea be carried out.

Extraordinary Growth. The following extraordinary instance of rapid growth in the human species has been noted in France by a member of the French academy of sciences and reported by him in the annals of that institution. "The subject herein mentioned was a lad of but 7 years of age when I first saw him; but his tender years notwithstanding he measured 4 feet 8 inches and 4 lines high. His people had observed his marvelous growth when he was only 2 years of age. At 4 he was able to lift and carry a bushel of wheat and to throw the bundles of hay (68 pounds) to the four horses each night; and at 6 he could lift as much as a sturdy fellow of 20. But although he was increased in bodily strength, his understanding was no greater than is usual with children of his age; playthings were also his favorite amusements."

THE DUEL.



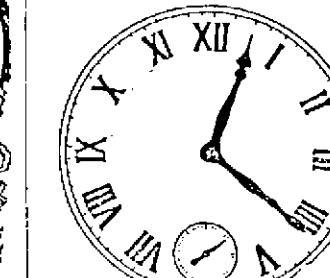
—After a Drawing by E. Stuck.

Correcting an Erroneous Idea. Jimson—All this talk about young wives' biscuits being as hard as bricks is a slanderous lie. Jimson—I'm glad to hear you say so, Jimson. Jimson—Yes, I've been married four weeks now, and every loaf of bread that Mrs. Jimson has made so far has been as soggy and soft as apple dumplings. —Somerville Journal.

TWO CLEVER TRICKS.

How to Tell Any Number Thought Of from One to Twelve.

Did you ever try to call off the numbers on the face of your watch without looking at it? If not you will be surprised to learn how difficult it is to do it correctly. The other night a gentleman, under the inspiration of a modest wager made by a friend, attempted the feat. This, says the New York Herald, was the result of his efforts:— "First," he said, "there is I, one; two; three; four; five; six; seven; eight; nine; ten; eleven; twelve. There, what's the matter with that?" "Nothing," was the rejoinder, "except that you are not only wrong, but very far from being right. Look at your watch and satisfy yourself."



WALLACE CHAPMAN.

Out came the timepiece and this is the way it looked:

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, "that is a revelation to me. Why, I thought there were only Roman numerals to indicate the hours, and the fact that there were second hands on the face never entered my head, that little dial, of course, wiping out the VI, which I thought was there. Yes, I lost the money squarely."

One of the most simple yet puzzling tricks which may be illustrated by the same figures is called "The Chained Circle." It is sometimes known as "The Mind Reader." All the paraphernalia required is a sheet of paper and a pencil. On the paper make a circle of figures as in above dial.

The trick is to tell any number in the circle thought of by another person. This is how it is done: After a number has been selected by your friend, ask him to add one to it when you strike the paper. Then you continue striking and he the counting until twenty is reached. Then you will be on the number he has chosen.

Care must be taken, however, in hitting the figures to be sure that on the eighth stroke you touch twelve, and then move around the circle to the left, touching each number in regular order. It is an unfailing source of mystifying amusement.

TRICKS FOR HOME USE.

Card and Coin, Coin and Goblet, and Coins with Water.

Balance a card on the tip of your forefinger, and on top of it place a nickel, says the Boston Globe. Hit the edge of the card a sharp horizontal blow with some object like a pencil, or snap it with your finger, if you can do it directly forward without tending to drive the card up or down, and the card will fly away, leaving the coin balanced on your finger.

Then try the coin and goblet trick. Support a common drinking glass upside down on two silver dollars on a

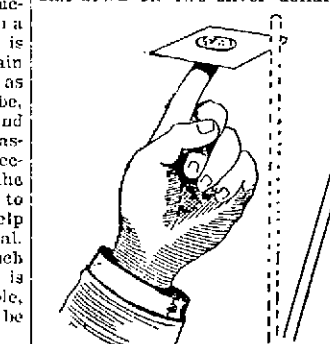


table covered with cloth. Place a half dollar within and ask the company to remove it without touching or disturbing the goblet. This may be done by scratching the cloth near the glass. A deceptive experiment is to put coins in water. Fill a drinking glass to the brim with water, and then ask the company how many coins can be dropped in without spilling it over. The guesses will all be too small, for a surprising number can be put in if it be done carefully. A little practice with any of these tricks and the young beginner will soon become expert.

Impaired Eyesight.

The number of persons who wear eyeglasses is astonishing; the number of children wearing them is appalling. A large proportion of the pupils in the higher classes of the public schools are obliged to wear glasses, particularly in the girls' schools. Flickering gaslight, long hours of reading and study, and badly-lighted class-rooms are among the causes of eye weakness with the young people, but the amazing spread of the reading habit is at the bottom of the general trouble. As an oculist expresses it: "We are all taking up the habit of reading, but the habit is so new with the masses that they have not learned how to do it without damaging their sight."

Their Redemptive Feature.

Mrs. Poreu—I object to the use of the Koch eye. The idea of having bacilli injected into one's veins.

Doctor—But, madam, I assure you the bacilli are highly cultivated.

Mrs. Poreu—Ah, indeed; that alters the case.—Munsey's Weekly.

An Interesting Question.

Galsby—Mrs. Gowitz pronounces her marriage a failure!

Grundy—Who is the preferred creditor?—Puck.

What He Most Needed.

Uncle Charles—And are you going to buy me something for my birthday?

Millie—Yeth, thir, I gutheth tho.

"Please may I know?"

"Yeth, thir, I'm going to buy my dear Uncle Charlie a missionary."

"A missionary? I can't cannibal."

"No; but grandma thays you are a puffed heathen."—Old Homestead.

How He Felt.

Tom—How did you feel when you put on skates for the first time?

Jack—I felt that the ice was pretty hard.—Light.

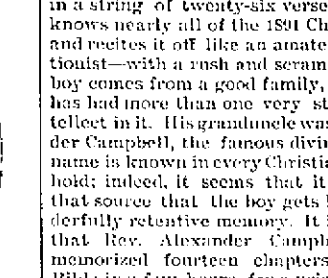
A WONDERFUL BOY.

His Long Memory Attracts Universal Attention.

Wallace Chapman, of Kansas City, a Three-Year-Old Lad, Can Recite Nineteen Verses of Poetry—What the Little Fellow Looks Like.

Wallace Chapman, of Kansas City, is three years of age and the manner in which he recites poetry and sings songs is wonderful, says a Kansas City newspaper.

Little Wallace has one of the most remarkable memories on record. The men and women whose names have gone thundering and rattling down the ages as being blessed with wondrous memories are not in it with this young Kansas Cityan. "They were older and in full mental development. He cannot read and only knows his alphabet as it comes in a string of twenty-six verses, but he knows nearly all of the 19th Chapter and recites it off like an amateur elocutionist—with a rush and scramble. The boy comes from a good family, one that has had more than one very strong intellect in it. His granduncle was Alexander Campbell, the famous divine whose name is known in every Christian household; indeed, it seems that it is from that source that the boy gets his wonderfully retentive memory. It is related that Rev. Alexander Campbell once memorized fourteen chapters of the Bible in a few hours for a prize offered by his father. At the same time his sister, Miss Campbell, learned nearly a dozen chapters, and another sister



WALLACE CHAPMAN.

memorized more than thirteen. The man who subsequently became known the world over won the prize.

Many songs and stories were taught the boy, and he learned them without an apparent effort. He recited them while playing with his blocks or wheeling his little wagon. Although a stanch democrat, he heard some one singing the choruses, "John Brown's Body," and it struck his fancy so much that he sings it daily at the top of his voice.

Master Wallace is of average size, with a remarkably long head covered with a perfect crown of golden hair. He is a serious-faced little fellow with large blue eyes. He is not as serious as he looks, however, for he will laugh as heartily as any youngster when he feels funny. When seen at his home by a reporter he was anxiously endeavoring to quiet his baby sister's cries by the stirring but somewhat inappropriate air of "John Brown's Body," whose soul goes marching on. Mr. Chapman read one of the boy's favorite poems, purposely making mistakes—for example, pronouncing "pale" for "pail."

"No, papa, that's not right," said the boy, and half a dozen similar trials brought out the same objection, suggested by his acute ear and peculiar mind. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman have been advised not to teach the boy too much or make him exhibit his accomplishments too frequently. Master Chapman is in excellent health, and promises as well physically as mentally.

CARROLL'S "ORANGE."

A Magnificent Seventy Thousand Dollar Yellow Diamond.

"The Orange, a magnificent 'yellow' diamond, than which there is but one larger and more valuable in this country, was brought to this city in bond from Montreal, Can., says the New York Herald. The gem is the property of Mr. J. W. Carroll, of No. 78 Duane street.

The Orange is an exquisitely tinted stone, and is perfectly cut and flawless. The weight is a fraction greater than 115 carats, but ten carats less than the Tiffany yellow diamond. This latter gem is valued at \$100,000. The Orange is worth about \$70,000.

The Orange was found in the South African fields in 1884. Dutch jewelers cut the gem in Amsterdam and in 1887

sent it to London, where it was to be purchased for Queen Victoria's jubilee present from the women of her court. In accordance with the queen's suggestion, however, the \$50,000 which was to have been paid for the present was used to erect a hospital.

Mr. H. S. Lawrence, of Colorado, then bought the diamond, paying, it is said, \$90,000 for it. Mrs. Lawrence wore it in her necklace until Baring Brothers failed. By the divorce, then sold the stone to Mr. Edward Bruce, formerly secretary of the Baltimore & Ohio Telegraph Company. Mr. Carroll secured it from the latter gentleman a few weeks ago in Montreal, Canada.

Mr. Carroll refused to state the amount of duty which the customs officers at this port levied on the Orange.

Should Stick to His Last.

"Yes, he has been divorced from four wives and now has a fifth."

"It is to be hoped that he will play shoemaker now."—Jury.

Help the Sick.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"What is?"

"Medicine."—Puck.

His Dilemma.

Hurley—All wives don't beat their husbands with rolling pins, do they?

Burley—No; some use a broom.—Light.

HOW THE WOLF WAS MADE.

An Eccentric Legend Shows What Was the Purpose of Its Creation.

When Allfather had created the world and all the beasts he asked the devil: "Don't you admire my work? Or do you think there is any important plant, or any useful animal wanting? or the hills are not high enough, or the seas not deep enough?"

This gracious question pleased the devil very much. He took heart and answered: "There is no fault to be found with your work, but still I can't help thinking there is one beast too few."

"What beast?" asked the Creator in surprise.

"Well," said the devil, "a beast to watch and guard the woods, that the shepherd boys may not break the branches of the trees, nor hares and goats nibble the young shoots."

"Have I not put her and snakes in the woods?" said the Creator.

"No doubt you have," said the evil one, "but these guardians go to sleep when winter comes, and then it grieves me to see the wood without a protector, like an orphan."

Now, what the devil wanted was to make for himself a savage beast to worry God's harmless creatures and do all sorts of mischief.

"What kind of beast do you think is still wanting?" asked the Creator.

"One that I could make myself if you would let me," said the devil, entreatingly.

"So be it," said the Creator. "I won't hinder you."

"But I ask more than that," the devil continued. "I have not the power to give my creature life. If you would tell me how to do that, you would soon see that my beast was as good as any of yours."

"I will grant you that also. When your beast is quite finished, with his eyes and nose in their right places, then say to him: 'Arise and hunt the devil!'"

"We'll see about that," muttered the devil to himself, and went away to a thick forest. Here he gathered together stones and old leather, twigs and moss, and then brought from the village smithy two glowing sparks and a lot of iron nails.

Then he began his work. He made the beast's back of a strong hedge stake, and its head of a tree stump, its breast of twigs and shoe leather woven together, and its limbs of bricks. He made its paws of elderwood, and its tail of a bunch of ferns, and in its breast he put a stone for a heart. Then he covered the body with moss, and set the two glowing sparks in its eyes-sockets, and with the nails he made claws and teeth for it.

When the devil had made this beast he was highly delighted with it, and called it wolf.

But the wolf had no life. Then the artist remembered the charm and cried: "Wolf, arise and hunt!"

At this the wolf raised its head and licked its lips.

"This gave the devil such a fright, that he could not say another word. But he soon recovered himself and cried: 'Wolf, arise and hunt Allfather!'"

But the wolf lay still, without so much as a wag of its tail. The devil repeated his charm ten times over, but the wolf paid not the slightest heed.

Then the devil went back to Allfather and said: "You have not given me the right charm, for the wolf will not stir."

"What?" said the Creator; "did you say, 'Arise, and hunt the devil?'"

"The evil one had not expected this; he had nothing to say for himself, but was forced to go away crestfallen.

He tried again. Again he said: "Wolf, arise and hunt Allfather!" All in vain.

At last he went a long distance away from the wolf, and shouted: "Wolf, arise!" Then he added in a whisper, "and hunt the devil!"

Good heavens, how the wolf sprang up! He was after the devil like a hot wind, and would certainly have worried him if he had not crept under a big stone.

Ever since the wolf has been the devil's bitterest foe, always looking out for a chance to annoy and hurt him. His backbone is as strong as a hedge stake, his teeth and claws are as sharp as nails, and his hide is covered with thick hair. His eyes shine like coils of fire. His heart is as hard as a stone, for he carries off and kills the harmless lambs.

If you throw a stone at him it drives him mad with rage, but if a herd of boys manages to strike him with a stick he is so much ashamed that he will not come near that flock again for three whole years. But if ever you see him, in harvest time, sitting in a clearing of the wood with his fiery eyes shining, then you may know that he is lying in wait for the evil one.

Sweet Confidences.

Mrs. Youngwife—I am afraid my husband is killing himself with work.

Mrs. Odless—How is that?

Mrs. Youngwife—Why, when we were first married he always got home from the office early and now he is often kept till after ten.—Jury.

Has Hood's Sarsaparilla become at this season that it is now generally admitted to be

The Standard

Spring Medicine and Blood Purifier. The Peculiar benefit you need so much, you will find in

Hood's Sarsaparilla

THE BEST U.S. FLAG BUNTING

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ASTHMA POSITIVELY CURED

Warranted Asthma Cure instantly relieves worst cases. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, etc. Price, 50c. Sold by all druggists.

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THE POINT.

From a Catholic Bishop down to the Poorest of the Poor all testify, not only to the virtues of

ST. JACOBS OIL, The Great Remedy For Pain, but to its superiority over all other remedies, expressed thus:

It Cures Promptly, Permanently; which means strictly, that the pain-striken find a prompt relief with no return of the pain, and this, they say, St. Jacobs Oil will do. This is its excellence.

GOFF'S BRAID.

Whenever you visit the shops in town, to bind your gown, Secure the Clasp, wherever found, That holds the Roll on which is wound The Braid that is known the world around.

THE COWBOY KNOWS!

Trying to hold a drove of cattle together in a driving rain means an amount of capricious which few can withstand without serious results. If sickness does not follow, it will be found that such hardship usually brings on rheumatism and similar complaints. At such times a "Fish Brand Slicker" is worth its weight in gold, and is available to any one exposed to stormy weather. For all such cases, you want a "Pound Slicker," which keeps the entire body warm, and carries dry, and completely envelopes the rider from head to foot. He can't get wet, whatever the weather. And, besides, he keeps him dry, it keeps him warm. Every rider has one. Why shouldn't you? Beware of cheap imitations! Every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrations of the "Fish Brand Slicker" will be sent on request.

A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

Proclaim the Victory

Remember last winter's siege. Recall how trying to health were the frequent changes of the weather. What was it that helped you win the fight with disease, warded off pneumonia and possibly consumption? Did you give due credit to SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? Did you proclaim the victory? Have you recommended this wonderful ally of health to your friends? And what will you do this winter? Use Scott's Emulsion as a preventive this time. It will fortify the system against Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anemic and Wasting Diseases (specially in Children). Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is provided by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its large body is scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in various sizes of packages. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott's Emulsion, Manufacturing Chemists, New York, Sold by all Druggists.

DISPENSARY FOR CATARRH.

Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head there is no equal.

CATARH

It is a thinning of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price 5c. Sold by all Druggists.

Address, E. T. HAZEN, New York, Pa.

For a Disordered Liver

Try BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

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C. O. AKER & COMPANY,

The Leading Clothiers and Furnishers,

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN.

Are now ready to show the People of Rhinelander the Finest Line of Ready Made Clothing and Spring Overcoats, besides their Hats and Furnishing Goods ever brought to the city, Call and inspect their stock before purchasing elsewhere. Opera House Block,



CHAPTER IV—CONTINUED.
"So you have heard from home too, Jim, I see," he said, pleasantly. "Who's your correspondent?"

Lawson looked up, apparently ill-pleased at the interruption and the question.

"Nobody you know," he said, gruffly, thrusting the letter into his pocket.

Then, as if an afterthought brought a change of mood, he added, more pleasantly:

"There's a lot of Miltonburg newspapers you can have them if you like; they're free to me."

Frank, thinking him, and, picking the parcel up, was about to leave the early fellow to himself when Lawson called him back.

"Say," he said, "you were in Dodson & Green's law office for six months before we got into this infernal scrape, so it's just possible you might be able to give me a bit of advice."

"I am sure I will if I can," was the pleasant reply. "But I am afraid I don't know much more about law than you do."

"Well, the case is this—a chap—a friend of mine, you know—at least a fellow whose acquaintance I've made—has got into a kind of a fix, and he don't



quite see his way out. Now, just to set his mind at rest, can you tell me what's the law about married men enlisting? Can the wife, without her husband's consent, stop his pay for her maintenance or the keep of a child that's been born since he left home?"

"I should most decidedly say that she could," Frank replied, hotly.

"But you're not sure?"

"Well, yes, I am pretty sure."

"And there's no loophole for him to crawl through?"

"Certainly not. And I say, Jim, I'd give up the acquaintance, if I were you, of a fellow who was mean enough to try to escape such responsibilities."

"Would you? Well, I'll think about it—he's a badish kind of a man anyhow for a highly moral young gentleman like me to make a companion of."

But say, there's Captain Fulton hollering out for you—guess he'd better treat, as perhaps his pa's sent him to invite you to a small tea party. I saw Maria Hopkins and one or two other old women of the regiment making a bee-line for his tent an hour ago."

Thus indiscreetly fully he allude to some of the senior officers.

Frank hurried to meet his Captain, with whom, notwithstanding the difference of rank, a warm friendship was already springing up.

"I only wanted to tell you, Besant, that we start to-morrow morning to join General Lyon, who is hardly pressed by McCulloch and Price. I thought that perhaps you might do your writing home this afternoon, as you mayn't have another chance for a long time."

Frank thanked him for the hint, and was about to turn away when Fulton added:

"There's another little matter I wished to speak to you about. Do you set any special value on that silk scarf Miss Lascelles gave you for a thing?"

"Why not?" Frank hesitated. "Two hours before it was precious to him, but things seemed different now, since he had received that letter from home."

"Do you very much want it?" he asked, smiling as he read the eager anxiety depicted in the young officer's face.

"I would give a thousand times its intrinsic value to call it mine," was the emphatic declaration, "but perhaps you, like myself, hold its associations too dear to part."

"Say, here it is, sir. I have no tender regard for it than as a memento of a very interesting chapter of my life. Take it, and wear it as the knights of old did their ladies' favors on the battle field; only remember that, though love be a fine thing, a soldier's loyalty breaks no rivalry."

Propitious words. Charles Fulton little thought then how hard for him would be the strife "twixt Love and Duty."

CHAPTER V.
MID WINTER VIGILS.

At last.

Up to this hour the young citizen soldiers had never even seen a Confederate regiment, nor experienced the sensation of firing at any object which possessed the unpleasant power of retaliation, so when in the afternoon of the second day's march, the scouts came hurrying back with news that the enemy was in front of them, many a heart beat fast in anxious expectation. It was a wooded, hilly country with small clearings interspersed here and there.

"They're over the ridge yonder; I can see the smoke of their camp-fires. Oh, Lord, but I wish I was out of this," Lawson whispered hoarsely to Frank Besant.

"Brace up, man!" was the reply, uttered with a cheerfulness not altogether natural.

"But I say, Frank, I can't brace up. I've got a secret on my mind that won't let me brace up, just as I'm on the certain road to death. Hold hard a minute and I'll make a clean breast of it."

"That the confession never came."

"Stimulants—by the right flank—like intervals—march!" ring out the command, and the men of Frank's company were deployed over the rising ground.

Every crash of broken twig, every sound of moving bird or squirrel, nay, every stirring leaf made some face light with apprehension. "If I see an enemy," thought Frank, "I'll deliberately point my weapon at him and pull the trigger!"

"If the enemy sees me," thought James Lawson, "will he send a bullet through me without a qualm of conscience?"

If they could only see the foe, it would not be half so bad, but to be crawling at snail's pace through the gloomy woods, each instant expecting the thin puff of smoke and crack of rifle that shall speed the messenger of death, is indeed trying to those who have never stood fire before.

So different from rushing with blood at fever heat in the wild delirium of battle on a foe you can see. Thus, with hearts beating and nerves strained these country warriors reached the top of the hill and gazed into the valley below them.

Yes, there lay the enemy right in front of them—a small family of German emigrants camped beside a prairie schooner.

The angle sounded a recall, the men fell back in column, and the march was resumed.

That night over the blazing camp-fire song and jest and story passed the hours away—rations were plenty—discipline not half as strict as in the barracks—card-whisky, war after all was but a big joke, paid for by a grateful country.

But Frank Besant was not fated to enjoy much of this *joie de vivre* revelry, in fact he had hardly stretched himself on the turf after a hearty meal and really began to enjoy his rest, than he heard a voice behind him say:

"Just the very man, sir, for the job; we need not go any farther, I think."

He instinctively knew that they were alluding to him, and turning his head saw Major Hopkins and Colonel Fulton in earnest consultation. For the present nothing came of the remark, and the officers went away, but when half an hour later Frank was summoned to the Colonel's presence, he was not a whit surprised, though he was considerably astonished when the object of the interview was explained to him.

"Bent," the Colonel said, "I am obliged to detach a man on special and I am afraid dangerous duty, and Major Hopkins agrees with me that no one is more fitted for our purpose than yourself. I would not voluntarily place you in peril, but the exigencies of the service are such that I have no alternative—nevertheless, you shall have the opportunity of refusing, if you think the mission too difficult for you to accomplish."

The Colonel, who was evidently ill at ease, paused for his reply.

"Well, sir," Frank said, thoroughly mystified, "I don't suppose I am more ready of comprehension than my comrades, but I could perhaps give you an intelligent answer, if you would kindly explain to me the nature of the undertaking."

"Just so, boy. Really, Hopkins, I think my wits have gone a wool-gathering to-night. Well, the fact is, young man, I've got to send a message in hot haste to General Lyon. The trouble is that most of our young officers are poor horsemen, and this duty includes a long and breakneck ride over a rough country."

Now a man from your country—Lawson, I think they call the fellow—says you ride like a centaur, so this, with your other qualities we are more familiar with, has driven us to offer you the post of danger."

"And of honor," Major Hopkins added solemnly. "There will be quick promotion for you, lad, if you are successful."

Both officers looked wistfully for his reply.

"Of course I will go, sir," Frank said, curtly. "When do you wish me to start?"

"Spoken like the brave boy I knew you were!" the Major said, with enthusiasm. "Why, do you know, Besant, I have had the greatest difficulty in persuading the Colonel to give you this chance. He was so afraid of seeming ungrateful for the services you have rendered his son—just as if the highest prize to a lad of your mettle was not the post of danger."

Frank did not, it must be confessed, keenly appreciate the Major's logic; but while he had no foolishness in his disposition, he was resolved that he would at all hazards do his duty, for his was not one of those dashing spirits that

loved danger for danger's sake, though when necessities came he would be the last to shrink from it.

"You must be ready to start at the first glimpse of dawn," the Colonel continued. "You will carry no arms but these revolvers." He laid his hand on two heavy pistols, which were on his camp-table. "You will bear no written message, which might get you into trouble if you were caught by the enemy. And you will ride the best part of the journey in company with a young farmer, who has promised to be your guide—at any rate as far as the Springfield place, which will lead you to General Lyon's headquarters. As for money, you had better go well heeled, for a silver shield is often a man's best protection."

He pulled out his purse as he spoke. "Don't mind that, sir," Frank said hastily. "I have more about me now than it is perhaps prudent for me to carry."

"Well, spare no expense. You shall not be the loser. Now to rest, for you will have a heavy day before you. I will see you in the morning and give you final instructions."

And the last words Frank heard as he left the Colonel's tent were:

"If any thing happens to that boy, Hopkins, I shall never forgive myself."

Cold and gray the morning broke, though it was in early August. Frank had slept the sleep of the weary, and it seemed to him as if he had not lain on his blanket more than a short hour when an orderly roused him for the day's adventures.

He sought at once the Colonel's tent, where he found a good meal awaiting him, which he had hardly dispatched when Colonel Fulton himself entered.

"Now," he said, "for your instructions. Ride your hardest, but do not kill your horse by overdoing it. Avoid, as far as you can, all villages. And, when you reach General Lyon, tell him that we are coming. That is all. Go now, and God be with you!"

Frank followed the orderly to a clump of trees a quarter of a mile from the camp, where he found a rough young country fellow standing beside two serviceable looking horses, of the breed that has made Western Missouri famous—light, strong, wiry animals, sure-footed as mules and gifted with an endurance rivaling that of the steed of the Arabs. The man himself was the typical product of the soil—a hardy, sun-burnt fellow, with long flowing black locks, dressed in homespun, wearing long cowhide boots, and carrying at his waist a belt equipped with a small arsenal of pistols and ammunition—not at all the kind of gentleman a nervous traveler would care to meet on a lonely road, though there were few lonelier young fellows, as times went, than Richard Swayne.

The Westerner eyed the soldier with a keen glance of criticism, as he looked to the trappings of the horse allotted him, tightened the girth of the saddle, adjusted the stirrup-leathers and mounted.

"Shake!" he said, laconically, stepping up to Frank's side and stretching forth a big, brown, seamed hand, whose horny cuticle would have puzzled the modern philosopher of palmistry.

Frank grasped the proffered hand with eagerness. Each read in the other's eye a true patent of nobility.

"My name's Dick Swayne," the brawny young farmer exclaimed. "What's yours?"

"Frank Besant."

No time nor need of further words. Swayne sprang to the saddle and led the way at a brisk gait, half-trot, half-canter, which the horses seemed to take of their own accord. From the start the roads were execrable, if you could dignify by the name of roads the thin, bony tracks which lay across the wooded ridges, and which never seemed to turn aside for any obstacle less formidable than a precipice, now climbing till the horse had literally to scramble for a footing, now speeding over declivities so steep that Frank, with all his skill in horsemanship, expected to find himself flying over the beasts' ears at every step he took.

"Ketch hold of the pommel of your saddle of yer own's claw onto suthin', young fellow; for that mare's month ain't no hitchin' post," Swayne admonished his companion, as they reached the top of an unusually steep ascent.

Frank accepted the reproof gracefully.

"It's the most villainous road I ever traveled in my life—but say, friend Dick, are these poor beasts to keep this pace up much longer? It seems to me as though they'd drop in their tracks if we don't ease 'em up a bit, why, we must have put a dozen miles between us and the camp already."

Dick grinned.

"Saddle's gettin' kin' of hot?" he queried. "Well, we'll have to take a spell of rest down in the dip yonder, for that's a steady stretch of travel before us which I won't do ter travel over with winded horses."

"You mean that there is danger of falling into the hands of the enemy?"

"Yass, the meanest, bloodiest, dog-gonedest kin' of an enemy, too. Hev yer never heard tell of the gorillas?"

"The gorillas! What, have you them in this part of the State?"

"Hev we? Why, they swarm over the hill kentry. Wait till we tether the horses under the walnuts yonder an' I'll tell yer what they've done to me an' mine."

They rode slowly to the clump of trees, where they dismounted.

"You stretch yer legs a bit, Frank, while I lead to the cattle," the farmer said, taking at the same time from his pocket a handful of rolled tobacco leaves, which it was indeed a compliment to call cigars, but which Frank found on a further acquaintance were more palatable than their appearance seemed to justify.

Swayne evidently believed that a merciful man is merciful to his beasts. It was an interesting sight to watch the tender care he took of them, to see him strip their saddles off, and whip of long grass and rub them down till they were as dry as when they left the stable in the morning. Not till they were

quite cool did he lead them to the little stream and let them drink their fill of the clear water; and then from his saddle-bags he took a few handfuls of oats and gave them to them. But it was not until they had eaten this and he had hobbled their forelegs and allowed them to crop the scant grass that he thought of his own and his companion's comfort.

"Now, mate, let's squat here an' take a bite ourselves." Saying which, he flung himself upon the turf and brought from one of his capacious pockets a roll of greasy paper, which contained several huge slices of bacon placed not over-temptingly between thick clunks of hard, dry hominy cakes. In vain Frank tried to tempt him with the contents of his own saddle-bags, the young Missourian declaring that hog and hominy was the only food for man.

They had dispatched of their hasty meal and lighted the long, ungainly cheroots, when Frank reminded his companion of his promise to tell him about the guerrillas.

"Well, mate, that ain't much ter tell—leastways I ain't got the gift of the gab ter make a long story out of it; but when the war broke out folks took this side an' that, jess es they inclination led 'em. Father an' I was for the Union; and most of our neighbors was secesses. We lived in a lone farm-house, to be well-to-do, an', es we was in the minority, went about our own bizness without interferin' wif folks. Most of the young fellows round us jined the gorillas, an' they set up a cry es those es was not for 'em was agin' 'em an' ger father notice ter leave the kentry. But the ole man was true grit. He jess tole 'em that was a leaden welcome for every secess es crossed his threshold in anger. They'd done some fearful things, them gorillas head-strung a neighbor o' our'n ter a branch o' one of his own apple trees an' flogged his wife an' darters. Yes, it ain't no dune novel trash I'm a-talkin' to yer—flogged the wimmen till the blood run down their backs, so yer kin see my ole dad was doin' some tall talkin' when he ger them the defy. I shall never forget the night they come. That was no one in the house but dad an' me an' my little brother Bill, a young 'un not more'n seven years old. We did the best we could, but it wasn't no use. They dragged father from the house an' riddled him wif bullets afore my eyes. I managed somehow or other ter get away to the woods, but not afore I'd made my mark on some of their skins; an' jess es they was firing the horns the Union soldiers come up, an' the hull band o' ent-throats scattered."

"An' little Bill?"

Dick Swayne's eyes literally blazed with fire.

"Yo foun' little Bill lyin' in the brush, bleedin' ter death, with a gunshot wound in his side."

"Good heavens, Dick! and is this possible in a land like ours? But surely these fiends were not your neighbors, man?"

"Neighbors? Aye—neighbors who hed gone to the same skule es we uns, 'tended the same church, danced, drunk an' played wif us from the time we was no bigger'n little Bill—but, by the God that made me, they shall pay with a life fur every drop of blood they shed!"

Well indeed did the young Missourian keep his word.

Frank was too shocked by the story he had heard to encourage further conversation, while Swayne, wrapt in meditations of the past, seemed pleased to lie back and smoke in moody silence.

For an hour or two they thus remained, their bodies resting, though their minds were active.

Suddenly the countryman started with a gesture of alarm.

"Hark!" he cried, all alert on the instant.

A few moments of profound silence.

"I hear nothing," Frank said, in an excited whisper.

"The tramp of mounted men," was the answer, "to yer boss, man, an' hustle lively!"

A minute later and they were going at headlong speed. To Frank's surprise they turned at right angles from the line they were pursuing—for road, you could not call it—and plunged into the creek, upon whose rocky stream bed they rode with undiminished speed. This brought them to a clearing, across

which they literally flew, urging the panting horses to a mad gallop.

It was an exciting scene.

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but as they reached the cover of a friendly wood, Swayne drew the rein.

"Hold hard a minute, mate, we must breathe the critters, or they'll hev us sure es shootin'," he cried, wheeling his horse round, and peering through the branches of the trees.

The clearing was a long strip of corn-land, lying in a valley between two ridges. Frank and Swayne had crossed it at right angles in its narrowest part, where it was probably not more than fifty or sixty rods from wood to wood.

Ah, here they come!

Not as Swayne and Frank had done, but on the full sweep of the lowland—a long line of straggling horsemen, half a mile away yet, but in full sight of the wary watchers.

"By Moses, but them hyenas ain't on our tracks after all! See that chap a-leadin' 'em—he's the one they're chasin', an' the Lord hev mercy on his soul, ef they catches him!"

It was an exciting scene. As Swayne said, the leading man was evidently the quarry of the others, and as they drew nearer it was apparent that he wore the uniform of a Union officer. The chase must have been long and severe, for the horses of all were pounding along with that rolling gait, which told how high they were exhausted. In fact, several in the far distance could be seen who had dropped out of the race altogether; only three were within pistol-shot of the fugitive, on whom they were gaining at every stride.

"I allow we're agoin' ter take a han' in this game," Dick said, grimly, tightening his saddle-girth as he spoke.

"Now soon es they git alongside, dash out on 'em, an' hold'er fur all yer worth—they'll think the woods is full on us, an' you'll see a circus."

So when the thundering hoofs were close upon them, the two young fellows burst out of ambush, yelling like a band of Comanches.

Swayne, with his strong, fresh horse, in the fury of his attack literally rolled down the forehead of the pursuers, while Frank hurled himself upon the second, who, however, managed to keep his saddle.

But the rout was complete. Without stopping to look behind them the enemy had turned tail and fled, doubtless believing from the daring nature of the attack that a whole regiment was at their heels.

"Quick, boys, to the wood!" Swayne cried, "before these wildcats kin git their eyes skinned ter see the trick we've played 'em."

As they rode under cover again Frank turned to examine the man they had rescued. He was a well-built, handsome man of thirty—well bred, too, if one could judge from his clear-cut features.

"Well, boys, you've done me the best turn any one ever did for me in this world, and I only pray to Heaven that if either of you are ever in such a tight fix as I was ten minutes ago you'll find as brave hearts to help you as I've done."

"Amen to that!" Frank said. "Now satisfy our curiosity by telling us who you are and where you are from?"

"Mark Henderson, at your service. Captain of Zenger's cavalry, and now—or at least a dozen hours ago—on the staff of General Lyon. I started at dawn with a guide to try and make communication with troops that are supposed to have left Kansas City to come to our aid, but the rascally villain led me right into that nest of hornets you saw buzzin' about my ears."

"And I am on my way to General Lyon to tell him that these very troops are hurrying by forced march to join him," Frank expatiated.

Henderson looked keenly at the speaker.

"It's rather a curious story, isn't it?" he said. "To rig you up in paria—uniform? What rank do you hold in the service?"

"Just what you see—full private—that is all."

"Then your Colonel must have a fine regiment if his rank and file are filled by such as you. Give me your hand, my boy, you will have your commission before the month is out, or I'm no judge of matters."

"T'appears ter me, you two uns is gaspin' a to be sight too much. Wouldn't it be jess es sensible of yer was ter put a few more miles between you an' them gorillas afore yer got so tonguey?"

"The hint was too valuable to be disregarded, so once more they resumed their journey. If they could have gone in a direct line they would have reached Springfield by night-fall, but they were so often obliged to make detours to avoid the enemy that when darkness came on they were obliged to camp in the woods till daylight. And when dawn came the roaring of guns and clattering of small-arms in the near distance told them that for all their dreary ride and headlong speed they were too late.

Up a steep hill before them they rode in haste, and on mounting its crest, though the sky was but just gleaming with the rays of the newly risen sun, the whole panorama of the battle-field lay before them.

"Wilson's creek, by thunder! An' I thought we was ten miles away," Dick Swayne cried, as he dashed his spurs in his horse's flank and galloped down the declivity.

As they rode they could see the armies of either side massing—then McCulloch, with his fifteen thousand fighting men from Arkansas—Lyon and Siegel with their five thousand, some of whom had borne themselves so well at Brownville.

In the mad ride down the hillside Frank's horse tripped on a root of a tree, hurling him to the ground with a force that for the time stunned him, and when he recovered his senses, it was only to see the beast hurrying at full speed after his companions.

Picking himself up as best as he could, he started on a run. It was no easy task to reach the Union lines, but he got there at last. By this time Siegel had moved on the right flank of the enemy and driven the Confederate lines back, while Lyon with four thousand men and ten guns had hurled himself against them on the left.

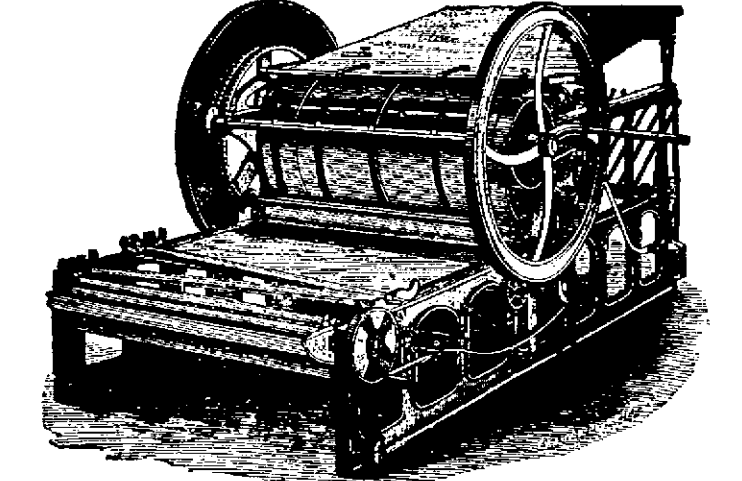
(CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE)

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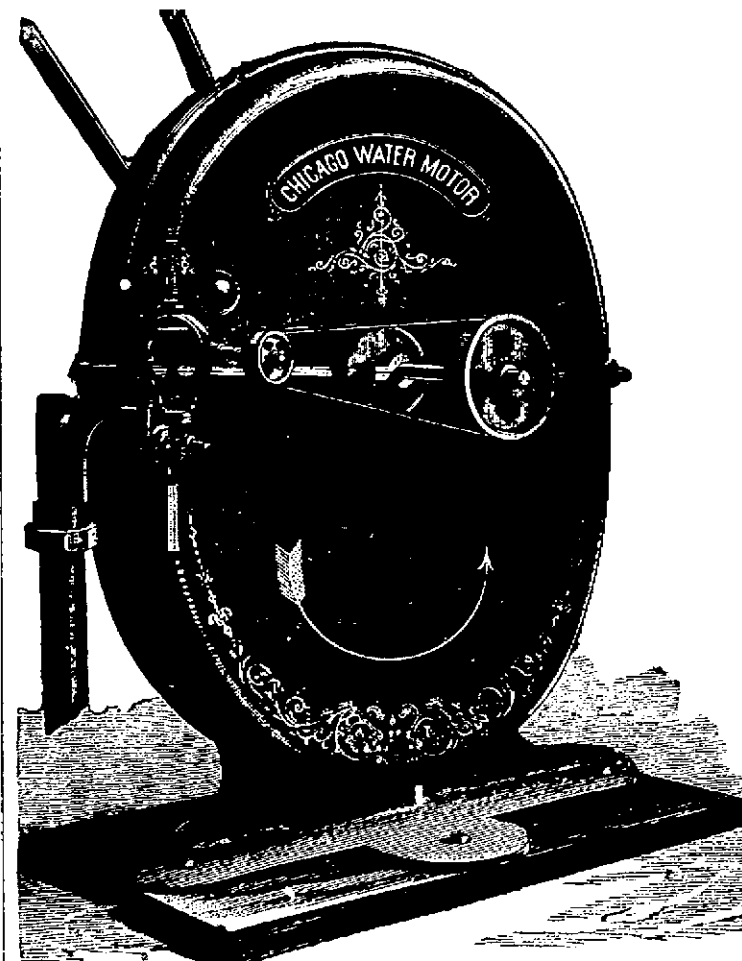
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All orders will be promptly filled and
delivered to any part of the city
if desired.

ALBRECHT & CO.,

DEALER IN

Fresh & Salt Meats

POULTRY, LARD, VEGETABLES

AND—

W. Clark, of Hurley, was in town
Tuesday.

The maple sugar crop will be light
this year.

There are quite a number of cases of
grip in town.

J. C. Lewis, of Antigo, was in our
city Monday.

R. Stewart, of Eagle River, was in
town Monday.

Chas. H. Henry, of Eau Claire, was
in town Monday.

Mr. Gray, of Ogdensburg, is in the
city visiting his son, Irvin.

B. F. Edwards was at Oshkosh and
Appleton the first of the week on busi-
ness.

W. D. McNaughton was in town for
a few hours Monday.

R. Otto, of Antigo, was in town
Monday on business.

Peter Peterson, of Antigo, spent
Sunday in this city.

J. Demaris is at Merrill for a few
days visiting his friends.

Walt Scott, of Merrill was in town
Wednesday on business.

Baby carriages—all the styles—all
prices—at Hildebrand's.

Geo. Langley, of Merrill, was in this
city on business Monday.

S. Bronson, of Minocqua, is attending
court in this city this week.

Pat Madden is down from Minocqua
attending court this week.

Mrs. Laura Keith is in this city visit-
ing relatives and friends.

A big stock of spring goods will arrive
at Simonsky's in a few days.

Frank Cain is assisting sheriff
Merle through court this week.

W. E. McCord, of Chippewa Falls,
was in Rhinelander Monday.

Wallace Wait and M. S. Barker, of
Cramton, were in Rhinelander Monday.

John Tooley, of Eagle River, was in
town Tuesday.

M. Holland, of Eagle River, is in
town attending court.

Lawyer Hetzel, of Merrill, was in
town Wednesday on business.

The Herald was awarded the contract
to publish the town board proceedings,
in spite of the genial Samuel.

Schell has the noblest cloths for
fall and winter suits ever shown in
town.

Buy your hats, caps and gents' fur-
nishing goods at Morley & Raymond's
and get the gold watch.

Ladies buy your footwear at the
Palace shoe store and get the gold
watch.

Satisfaction or no pay is the motto
of J. B. Schell. He does his own cut-
ting and fitting.

When buying your boots, shoes and
gents' furnishing goods, remember the
gold watch at the Palace shoe store.

W. E. Wright, express messenger on
the Lake Shore, is visiting friends and
relatives in the southern part of the
state.

Every purchaser to the amount of
one dollar at the Palace shoe store gets
a ticket on the watch to be given away
July 4, 1901.

Mr. Elliot, who has held the position
of express messenger between here and
Hurley for the past year, left Monday
night for Chicago.

A saloon stand at Upsan, Wis., one
of the best in Northern Wisconsin, can
be rented by applying personally or
by letter to Joseph Pilon, Rhinelander,
Wis.

An effort is being made to have the
Governor appoint Judge Elliott to the
vacancy created at the bench of the
Supreme court by the death of Hon.
David Taylor.

E. A. Hildebrand has the finest line
of furniture ever shown in the city.
Those who desire to purchase furniture
of late style and at reasonable prices
need not go to the city for it.

Mrs. Redfield and daughter, of Iron-
wood, arrived in this city Tuesday.
They will remain here permanently.
Mrs. Redfield sons, Jeff and Tom being
employed in the Lake Shore yards here.

Alden Benedict's Fabio Romani have
canceled their date here at the Rhine-
lander Opera House, by reason of it
being impossible for them to make
connections from Escanaba here.
They will be here later on in the
season.

Miss Marie Moulton, the young lady
who has been holding the position of
cashier in Irvin Gray's store for several
months, has gone to Antigo where she
will fill a like position in one of the
stores there.

For the next thirty days I will pre-
sent any purchaser of \$2.00 worth of
goods at my store with a Friendship
Ring. These are not plated goods but
solid gold and silver. Call in and ex-
amine my stock and see the finest in
the city.
D. L. JENKINSON.

Sagan is going down, down—some of
the larger stores in the cities actually
offering 22 lbs. granulated for \$1, all
owing to that "confounded McKinley
bill." Other necessities of life, with
the exception of farm products, are
going down too. About the only thing
that can really be depended on for a
this season is the bottoms of the

W. D. Parker, of Madison, was in
town Tuesday.

Mrs. J. Kelley, of Antigo, visited Mrs.
B. McCarney this week.

A good hotel building for sale or rent,
Apply to W. W. Carr.

C. B. Washburn, of Oshkosh, was on
our streets Tuesday.

Hony O'Connor, of Eagle River,
was in town this week.

A. Patrick, of Tomahawk Lake, was
seen on our streets this week.

Jim Baker, of Merrill, transacted
business in this city Monday.

A good organ for sale cheap at Go-
thia & Demaris' furniture store.

Mrs. Clark, of Neillsville, is visiting
her sons, G. H. and Perry, in this place.

During the week ending April 6th
six steamers brought over 1426 persons
from Ireland to America.

Choice selected Early Rose and Beau-
ty of Hebron seed potatoes \$1.25 per
bushel at Jewell & Bastian's.

A. L. Ries has moved his horse shoe-
ing shop into the old Jerry Dunn build-
ing opposite the Arlington House.

Mrs. W. E. Ashton and children left
for Winchester, Ind. yesterday where
they will visit Mr. Ashton's mother
and sister.

Do not forget to call at Gothia & De-
maris furniture store and see their fine
line of bedroom suits. Get their prices
before purchasing elsewhere.

Mrs. A. W. Brown accompanied her
mother home to Stevens Point last
week; and while there was taken seri-
ously ill with a gripple. It is learned
that she is improving.

Do not forget when you are
cleaning house that you can trade off
your old furniture for new at Gothia
& Demaris. They will take anything in
the line of household goods.

Mr. Carney, foreman of the Lake
Shore yards here, who has been laid
up for the past month with an injured
limb, has recovered. He will resume
his position Monday. Mr. Remington,
who held Mr. Carney's position dur-
ing his illness has gone to Ashland
to work in the Ashland yard.

Some merchants say trade is dull.
We have all we can do and have been
compelled to engage another man.
The reason is simply this: We have
the largest stock in the Northwest, and
our prices this spring are very low.
All the new styles and spring shades
are now in. Come and look them
over. It won't cost you a cent.

STAFFORD & CO.

At a Bargain.

I have the following described
property which I will sell at reasonable
figures: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 12
Second addition; Lot 3, in Block 3,
First addition; Lot 11, in Block 1,
Brown's 2nd, Replat; House and lot
in Block 9, on Thayer St. or will sell
my two houses and lots on Stevens
street.
L. HORR.

Pasover.

Tomorrow evening, begins the feast
of the Pasover, the first and greatest
of the three annual festivals of the
Jews, which was instituted by Moses
in commemoration of the deliverance
of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage.
It begins at the period of the full moon
which occurs this month April 24th,
lasting eight days. In large cities it is
strictly observed by the more Orthodox
Jews in abstaining from business and
attending church services. During
this festival season no bread is eaten but
unleavened bread.

A new handbook of tiddewinks has
been issued, from which an exchange
extracts the following general rule:

"The game is played with tiddle-
dums that are fired with a finger into
a wink cuspider. Each player has a
few tiddledums, a defikility and a
dingus. Take a wink, put it on a
dingus, then snap the wink from the
dingus to the wink pot. If you
succeed you are entitled to a defik-
ility, and for every wink you jump
into the wink pot from the dwink-
dumdom you count a defikility, and
continue to operate tinkwinkle
upon pollywoigithere until the pots so
carried shall equal the total of the
hogwig multiplied by the puterinkum
and added to the contents of the
winkletinkfuldarium. s. The less
brains you have the better you play."

Mrs. Emma Woodward, of Waupaca,
is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McCor-
mick this week.

Mrs. Mamie Spencer, of Waupaca,
spent last Sunday in this place with her
sister, Miss Clara.

Call at Edwards & Flynn's flour
and feed store for your garden seeds.
A large assortment on hand.

Wanted to Buy.

I will pay the highest cash price for
4 ft. Lath bolts, delivered at my mill in
any quantity, up to 2,000 cords

H. G. ROBBINS.

Lots for Sale.

Choice residence lots for sale in
Colum, Bing & Shimmer's First, Second
and Third Additions to Rhinelander
at greatly reduced figures. Enquire of
E. J. Studevant.

Dissolution Notice.

The firm of Simmet & Schuman is
dissolved by mutual consent. Mr.
Simmet retiring. The business will
be conducted as in future of William
Schuman, Signed,

WM. SINNETT.

WM. SCHUMAN.

Dated Rhinelander, Wis. 27, 1901.

Minocqua.

Geo. Lee, of Hazelhurst, is visiting
at his old home, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bennie James has accepted a posi-
tion with the Yawkey & Lee Lumber
Co. Mr. James is the son of Lawyer
James, of Saginaw, and is a young
man worthy of any position.

Andrew Dalling visited his sister,
Mrs. C. Ogden, one day last week.
He has returned to Ashland, where
he holds a position in the Chequam-
agon House.

Roy Herrick is building a large
barn for his cattle. About one
hundred came down from his camps
the other day.

Mrs. Thomas Slinger and Frankie,
were taken to Merrill Friday. Both
having the gripple.

Dr. Monroe, from Merrill, has been
called to this city several times to
attend to the sick.

T. H. Smith shipped a car load of
horses to Chicago this week.

Roy Herrick returned to his home
in Eau Claire Monday.

Woodruff.

G. W. Worden and son, of Mosine,
and G. C. Harvey, of Schofield, are
here on business.

Mr. Fred Garland went to Wausau
Wednesday.

Mr. Beebe has returned, after an
absence of a week.

Miss Mimi McIlree, of Whitewater,
Wis., has just completed a most suc-
cessful term of school here.

When you don't bake, or are in
need of any bread, buns, cakes, cookies
and etc. remember that Reed has the
best bread and finest line of baked
goods in the city, always fresh, clean
and wholesome.

The Ladies of the M. E. Church will
give their regular monthly supper at
the church next Wednesday evening,
April 24th. Warm biscuit and maple
sugar will be served. Supper from six
to eight.

Ice Cream served at Reed's
and for sale in any quantity,
or made to order for private
parties etc.

McNaughton.

News scarce this week.

The mill will start up about the
middle of next week.

D. W. McNaughton returned from
his trip to Ohio and Michigan Thurs-
day night. We have not learned
whether he completed the purchase of
the Railroad or not.

Fred Miller and Miss Jennie Mc-
Allister started Wednesday on their
wedding trip. We congratulate the
happy couple and wish them much
happiness.

Many of our people are complain-
ing of sickness.

E. A. Cooper has been laid up with
the ague for the past week. He is
some better at present.

Mrs. Frank Marble, who is now in
the boarding house during the absence
of the cook, is giving the best of
satisfaction. We, as a crowd, sincerely
wish that she might remain and con-
tinue the work, or some one her equal.

We have traveled over a great
amount of territory in our time and
we think that this place, judging from
present appearances, will be one of
the most sickly places, the coming
summer, that it has been our lot to see.

There were a couple of men in these
parts who caught about fifty pounds
of fish in one of the small lakes near
here one day last week. Very good
luck boys, Go again and give your
friend Paddy an invite.

On Saturday last E. A. Cooper
came to the mill with some fine fish
which the families here all partook of.
We are always glad to help you re-
duce your surplus of fish Ed. Come
again.

The young Indian who has been
here for the past week got a little too
cute and lazy. He had to take a walk.
Try one more.

Bradley & Kelly's superintendent
on contemplates building an addition
to his house.

Several of the boys are having a
good time, or "blow in" as some of
them call it, by the mill shutting
down. They are taking in Rhine-
lander and other famous towns.

McNaughton is the place for suck-
ers. Some are the largest we ever
saw. Red tape seems to be what the
most use to catch them.

There are several houses well under
way now and several new families
are expected here soon.

The superintendent for Bradley &
Kelly has commenced to clear off a
place for the erection of a planing
mill, which will lessen the freight rates
very much.

Parties from Rhinelander are stop-
ping here for a few days hunting rab-
bits. We have not heard what suc-
cess they have met with.

My neighbor friends, what are the
penalties for selling liquor to the In-
dians of this country. Be careful be-
cause it is too late.

Hardware Line.

Everything in Stock.

Hardware Line.

Everything in Stock.

Hardware Line.

Everything in Stock.

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Everything in Stock.

Real Estate Loan

EXCHANGE

I have over 300 of the most desirable Rhinelander for sale, ranging in price from \$100 to \$10,000. Also many of the finest business properties in the city. Time given purchasers who intend to buy. Sole agent for all property of Brown Brothers, S. H. Alban and

LOAN

I can place any amount of money at 40 per cent. of its value, on from 8 to 10 per cent. interest per annum.

INSURANCE

I represent several of the leading life insurance companies doing business in this city.

Tough Experiences in Taming a Wild New Mexican Horse.

The Savage Animal Kills Two Trainers, But Joe Starling, After a Severe Struggle, Proves to Be the Stronger Devil of the Two.



There are few subjects which an Englishman discusses with more vigor than the breaking in of horses, and as a rule, there are none which he knows less about, says a writer in Macmillan's Magazine. If he have personal experience to add weight to his arguments, he is generally enamored of some theory which he would apply in every case, and is indignant when he hears that a horse has been trained to obedience in any other way. I wonder if any of these good people, who doubtless have substantial grounds for their several opinions, ever saw a bronco of the prairies, when he was first brought into contact with a man. I would, therefore, ask all those who wish to understand the task a western breaker of horses sometimes has before him to accompany me upon a little journey of five thousand miles or so, to stand, as I stood some years ago, on the box of an old lumber wagon and peep into the corral of one Col. Jensen, a breeder of horses in New Mexico.

It was early in the afternoon of a warm day in August, but business was to begin in a few minutes. Col. Jensen's foreman stood beside me in a wagon, and half a dozen cowboys were perched on the stable roof opposite. Below us was the corral, an inclosure about fifty yards square, and in the corral was the horse which was to receive its first lesson in obedience this day. It was only a small, dark-colored, and was light-colored, anything but a formidable beast to look at, the only distinctive points about him being a Roman nose and a restless eye.

I could not help remarking upon his mild appearance to Ezekiel Yates, the foreman. I had been told by Jensen that no better rough-riding lived than Ezekiel Yates. Finally he answered: "What do they teach folk where you come from? I'll try again. This bronco will be broke to day or killed. Two boys have tried; one was laid out in ten minutes, with his chest like an apple pudding 'cos the pony danced on him. The other stuck to it longer, but was crushed at last and his skull flattened again. Now, ye see, the chances, it's a job for an old hand, and even a



THE HORSE WAS NOW A FIRED INCARNATE.

man who knows may be tripped by such a demon. So the boss sent for Joe Starling to make it sure, slapping down double stakes—fifty dollars—and there the matter lay. To set all doubt at rest a horseman whom I recognized as the person in question trotted in from the west and in a very short time appeared with Col. Jensen, stripped to shirt and trousers and ready for the fray.

I had heard of Joe Starling. He was one of the wildest characters in the settlement, a dare-devil, reckless customer, the hero and god of lawless ranchmen, and a dare-devil, who wanted to all settlers found of peace and property. We left our places and I was introduced to the famous Joe, whom I found to be a slender, long-limbed personage with sandy beard and keen eyes, a modest, unassuming manner and very sparing of speech. I noticed that Jensen, the burliest and most jovial of men, treated Joe with a deference which struck me as odd until I learned from actual observation what a

The bronco colt was interested by the proximity of a powerful man held by Joe, and now came close up to the gate and sniffed at us. Joe observed the animal attentively. "How many have tried him, hummel?" "Two—snatched!" "Tried?" "It is in his eye. Shall we make a start?"

Joe mounted his mare as he spoke and uncoiled a rawhide lariat. Then he looked critically round upon us all. "I want three—Seth Simpson, Bill Corse and Ezekiel. Put 'em down, boys."

The bars of the corral gate were drawn back and Joe paced in. I had returned to the wagon by this time with Col. Jensen, and we had a capital view of the interior of the corral.

Joe held his lasso in both hands, his bridle hanging loosely on the mare's neck. She was perfectly trained and required neither guidance nor restraint. Slowly she approached the colt, he retreating to the furthest corner of the corral, showing that he knew the significance of this thing. Jensen rose and what it could do. "The mare drove her, step by step, and I snail upon her face. Nease and Corse, with a short and snatched of the head the bronco sprang forward. Joe rose in his stirrups at the same moment and swept the noose once round his head. A quick turn of the mare, a cloud of dust and a heavy fall and then the colt was on the ground, half choked and helpless. Down went the bars again and the three chosen men rushed in. Two at once sat down in a firm and unhesitating manner upon the head of the fallen one, while Joe and Ezekiel proceeded to strap upon his back a saddle and bridle brought in by the latter. This operation was a delicate one, for the prostrate colt struggled and bled out desperately. But the men were utterly indifferent to the prospect of being kicked into eternity, and accomplished their work in a very few minutes. Joe tightened his belt.

"Git, boys."

Away they went scurrying across the corral and through the gate like rabbits in a hole, the mare having trotted off before this of her own accord.

I watched Joe breathlessly. The bronco, free now of lasso and men, lay still a moment, then raised his head and sneezed. Two seconds passed; he did not move, but sneezed again. Was he hurt? Not he. Now, with a sound like the screech of a maniac, he leaped to his feet in one bound, spun round like a top, and when the dust raised by his hoofs had subsided he saw him firmly planted in the saddle, as if he meant to stay.

Ezekiel rejoined me now, and laid a hand upon my shoulder. "Ye have 'em before ye, lad. Two devils. Which is the stickiest? Ah, ah! bet on the man this time."

I cannot give a just idea in pen and ink of the excitement of the scene. The little horse with a wild eye and a big head was a fiend incarnate. He was not trying to kill himself or his rider so much as to destroy him. His eyes glowed like live coals, and at intervals he repeated his shrill scream of rage—a challenge to the man. His first movement, when he felt the pressure of Joe's limbs, was to rear erect and attempt to throw himself backward. A blow between the ears with the butt of a quirt (a Mexican riding whip) brought him quickly down again. Then he arched his back like an angry cat, gathered his feet under him and "let fly"—as I never saw a horse buck before or since. The strain upon the girths of the saddle was tremendous, but they were new and bore it well, while the rider, resting lightly in his stirrups, kept his balance with beautiful skill and coolness, and throughout every twist and turn, and jump of the bronco kept a firm grip upon the bridle, while he would round the horn of the saddle as sailors secure a rope to a belaying pin. The bucking continued without respite for several minutes, and ended by the horse rearing a second time, and in this instance overbalancing himself and falling heavily backward.

"Git, number one," muttered Ezekiel in a grim whisper, while I shuddered and tried not, expecting to see Joe crushed by the fall. He had slipped aside in time, however, and was on his feet in a moment. The colt was unhurt also, and, rolling over on the ground, set Joe dancing this way and that to escape his heels. Another moment passed and then the bronco was upon his feet again, and for the second time the man just saved his life by extreme agility. More kicking now ensued and clouds of dust rose up, which made it very difficult to see exactly what was happening. All at once I heard Ezekiel give an exclamation and swear a deep and vigorous oath, and the thinner of the two, laid split across. The dangling ends at the bronco's side seemed to infuriate him, and his leaps and kicks seemed increased. Now came a sharp click on the other side of the colt, Col. Jensen spoke. "Draw, boys, and cover him. We must not lose another life. Fire when I give the word, every one."

There was a quick movement on the stable roof and ten revolvers flashed out of their sheaths and ten fingers were pressed on the triggers, waiting for the word.

It was a death struggle now. If there were a flaw in the remaining girth, it strap or buckle failed, the saddle would go and Joe be at the bronco's mercy, and then his pistols did their work in time, for the girth held gallantly, and at last the bronco began to tire and we began to breathe again. I could see Joe clearly now. The signs of battle had begun to appear. He was a mass of dirt from top to toe. His right arm had received a deep gash either from the colt's teeth or heels, and was smeared with blood from elbow to wrist. His face was pale and worn, his head bent wearily, as if he were in pain; but his eyes were clear and vigilant, and he sat the enemy as firmly as ever. I began to hope that the worst part of the struggle was over, for Joe had gained a tighter hold upon the bridle and the bronco's head was well drawn in, as if he were yielding to control. He paced backward slowly and then he touched one side of the corral, and there he stood a moment panting as if exhausted.

Now a new phase in the struggle began. All this time Joe had played a passive part, allowing the bronco to take him where he would and how he would, feeling at the bridle now and then without making any determined attempt to check him mad frolic. At this point, however, he suddenly seemed to wake into life and action.

He drew in the bridle with a powerful wrench, twisted the bronco's head from the wall of the corral, and then for the first time drove in his spurs well. The answer was a violent fit of bucking, and I expected every moment to see the second girth split. It held, however, and the bucking presently subsided. But there was to be no rest now. In went the spurs again, and away went bronco, capering, twisting, spinning round this way and that, leaping, kicking, rearing, as actively as ever. The same process was repeated several times, and after each bout Joe's head bent lower over his saddle-horn, and a look of weariness and pallor crept into his face very painful to see. But he never faltered, and at length the time came when the touch of the spur drove the colt round the corral instead of into the air, and we began to feel that an end would come some time. Once Joe even stooped to stroke the fawn-colored neck of the colt, caressingly, and as he did so the animal stood still, his ears pricked forward, his eyes free from vicious devilment. Soon after



THE HERO'S RETURN.

this, when the colt had been guided right round the corral without bucking once, Joe turned to look at us and spoke for the first time. It was in a weak and faint but it made me start. "Ye'll do. Drop the bars."

There was a rush and a scramble of cowboys to the gate, and a clear way was made. The last critical moment was now at hand. Joe guided the bronco gently toward the gate. At first the animal swerved from it, but once through a new life seemed to rush into his limbs and he began to prance and chafe at the bit. Once again Joe drew himself together, a spasm of pain passed over his face as he straightened his back; then he loosed the bridle, and lightly kicked the bronco on the flank. The pony shook himself and bounded forward; he did not try to lower his head and back. Another touch of the quirt and a word of encouragement. He reared, gave one last caper and then swept into a long stretching gallop. The cowboys gave a loud cheer; Joe waved his hand as he sped away, and in a few minutes horse and rider had disappeared behind a roll of prairie.

Col. Jensen heaved a huge sigh of relief.

"Of now for twenty miles, and the job well done. By thunder, that colt is sandy to the backbone. What say to it, friend?"

We spent a merry time for a couple of hours and then talked out in a body to meet the hero on his return. We had not to go far. Joe had run the bronco until his pace was spent and was now retracing his steps at a walk. He said he was not hurt, but when questioned about that every joint and muscle of his back and limbs seemed to have been twisted out of shape.

As for the bronco, when Joe had ridden to the ranch, and had been ridden off and carried into bed, for he could not walk, I was ordered to mount—being the worst horseman present—and lead him to the stable. This I did with fearful inward quaking, and no London cab horse could have been quieter than our demon of the afternoon.

It must not be supposed, however, that with this the breaking was completed. The bronco was ridden daily for weeks by an experienced rough rider, and more than once the old spirit of devilment flashed out and endangered his rider's life. But Joe Starling earned his fifty dollars well. Before six months that bronco was the best saddle pony in Jack Jensen's stable.

TOMBSTONES OF PRIDE.

Monuments Erected to Convey an Idea of the Wealth of the Rich.

On a recent visit to one of the great cemeteries near by this city I had as a companion an old, gray-haired dealer in tombstones. In what might be termed the fashionable portion of the cemetery he called attention to the impressive character of the massive monuments of granite, with their brightly polished sides, on which were inscribed the names and ages of those who lay beneath.

"That's right," said the old man. "The effect upon you is just what was intended by those who paid for the big pieces of granite. They were meant to be impressive that is, to impress outsiders with an idea of the wealth and social standing of those by whom they were erected. Greatness of their grief, did you say? Well, I guess not. You see, I am in the business and can see further into a tombstone than most people. I have to sell those towering obelisks of dull, gray stone, but I don't believe in them. It is merely a matter of human pride—that these tall monuments are erected through regard for departed dear ones is evident from the fact that in one tender thought or word of loving remembrance is carved on the broad surface of these great masses of stone.

"For my part," said the veteran, "I prefer the old style of tombstones, of forty or fifty years ago. A slab of marble upright at the head of the grave, on which, besides the name and age of the dead one, is carved a short summary of his other good qualities while in life, with a line or two of affectionate remembrance from those by whom the stone has been erected. It is fashionable nowadays to make fun of the quaint verses found upon the old tombstones, but to my mind the love which prompted these, quietly constructed but expressive lines should shield them from ridicule."—N. Y. Telegram.

POOR ATTENDANCE.

Grievous—Are you the proprietor of this restaurant?

Proprietor—Yes, sir. What can I do for you?

Grievous (who has been waiting half an hour to give his order)—Not much. I only wanted to know if there was any other waiter at this table excepting myself.—Judge.

A WILD-CAT'S MISHAP.

An Exciting Adventure in the Forests of Arkansas.

Like the cry of a lost soul came a wail from the very depths of a dismal little swamp, and most pitiously did it greet our ears at our every silence. We were a small hunting party and had camped at the edge of this swamp one evening, not knowing the nature of the broad stretch of reeds and bushes so near at hand. Game was so plentiful that we had little of killing it. There was too little sport, as the true sportsman looks at it, matter, in shooting down beautiful, snarling birds, without as much of an effort as is required in some localities to find a cotton tail.

We were in the forests of Arkansas we had been on this trip about a week and a half, and as I said before, were tired of such unprofitable slaughter as was possible in these woods, and had decided to camp for a few days and have a jolly good time before starting for home.

At a little distance from our camp was a small, clear stream in which we found some very nice fish on which we feasted when flesh or fowl had palled upon the taste. Besides the many deer, quail, turkeys and a bear or two, one of the party had killed a wild bear, another a wolf, and other different kinds of smaller animals until the camp resembled the workshop of a taxidermist.

The forest of all the animals captured was a beautiful white squirrel which one of the party had espied in a tall pine, and which he had endeavored to bring down with only a wound, but was unsuccessful and shot the little fellow through the head; his body lay soft white fur streaked with blood, tumbled from the limb, and bounding from branch to branch, fell at his hunter's feet a ruffled, disgraced sacrifice.

At intervals the whole night through we heard this cry, and two of us resolved that early in the morning we would investigate the matter and find out if possible the cause of the noise.

The swamp was overgrown with a thick tangled mass of bushes, with here and there a little tree, while at intervals were little clumps of a half dozen or more trees of quite respectable size. The scene seemed to come from one of those little bunches of trees about a quarter of a mile from our camp. The bushes and soft mud made the traveling quite difficult, and only after much hard work did we reach our destination and were rewarded for our trouble by finding a large wild cat, with one hind leg fast in a steel trap, suspended from a limb and hanging about two feet from the ground. The poor creature had been caught in the trap and in endeavoring to escape had climbed the tree, but being enmeshed by the trap had fallen from the limb in such a way as to get the long chain securely fastened. The animal was raving with hunger and pain, and the sight of us only tended to increase its fury.

We decided to release the creature if possible, and give it one more chance for life, but how to do this with safety to ourselves was the question. I climbed the tree in which the cat was hanging and, getting on the limb directly over him, drew up the trap till I could reach the spring and endeavor to release the prisoner, but it was impossible to open the jaws of the trap with one hand, so I told Fred, my companion, to cut a forked stick for me and then climb a tree, which he did. As I drew up the trap again the wild cat came very near getting on to the limb with me, but a rap across the nose with the stick made him retreat.

Fastening the chain to a limb so that I could reach the trap with both hands, I put the fork of the stick over the spring, and by pressing with all my strength the jaws of the trap opened, and the animal was once more free. He did not tarry long, but bounded away through the bushes. I unfixed the trap, and descending from the trees we started for the camp.

Upon our arrival we found the rest of the party absent, with the exception of Sam, our negro cook, who was up in a tree, and as soon as he saw us yelled that the devil was in the tent "jest makin' things hum." The side of the tent was toward us, and not caring to come upon his satanic majesty and wares, we went cautiously around until we could look in at the opening, and there we saw the very same wild cat we had just released devouring everything possible within his reach. I threw a stick at him when he turned and, with his eyes glaring and jaws extended, rushed toward us. However much we had pined him in his helpless position in the tree, there was nothing now to do but to stop his mad course, which a bullet from Fred's rifle did in an instant.—A. M. Hendee, in Yankee Blade.

JOKE AGAINST JOKE.

An Incident of a Dry-Goods Merchant's Farewell to the Road.

"Just before I left the road for good and all," said a dry-goods merchant in the merchants' club, recently, "I had one comical experience that I shall never forget."

"There were several of us traveling together," he continued. "We had been skylarking all along the road, playing off pranks on one another and having a pretty good time generally. It was to be my farewell trip and the boys made a dead end at me for that reason. After awhile the novelty wore away and life became burdensome.

"I tried to call a bull, but it was no go. One fellow, finding that I was annoyed, persisted in his attempts to put up games upon me, and he succeeded pretty well.

"I said nothing for awhile, but I resolved to even it, if it took me the balance of my life.

"The boys separated at New Orleans, and the speaker. "Some of them were booked for Texas, while I and my practical joking friend continued up the Mississippi valley. We reached Memphis early one morning by the Jackson route. We were driven immediately to the old Peabody house.

"I had stopped there half a hundred times before and had struck up a great friendship with Wiley, the second waiter. I knew the dandy would do anything in the world for me. I had matured a scheme by which I proposed to retaliate on my tormentor.

"We were shown to our rooms to fix up a little for breakfast. I sent for Wiley and he came up to my room. I said to him: 'Wiley, I want you to wait on me myself while I am here. I'll tell you the reason. I know I can rely on you, and I'll pay you well for your trouble. I am going north with a friend of mine who has recently gone insane. He is not violent, but the doctors say that he ought not to eat too much.'

SIZES THAT SUIT.

Gloves That Sailed in Size, But Not in Their Numbering.

"I want you to follow these instructions: No matter what he orders at meals, bring him nothing but toast and tea. If he says that he did not order it humor him. It is so crazy that you can easily convince him that you have brought him what he called for. If he grows violent just put him on the back of the head; that will bring him around."

"Wiley said he understood me. I gave him a couple of dollars and told him I would give him more before I left."

"My friend and I entered the breakfast room together. Wiley had informed the waiters that he was to serve a crazy man. They eyed us suspiciously. My friend thought it very strange, and asked me if I noticed anything peculiar about him. I told him that he looked as usual, only that his hair was a little longer than he generally wore it.

"Wiley came for the order. I called for soft-boiled eggs, chops and bacon, a cup of coffee and a plate of cakes."

"Oh, bring me the same," said my companion. "Hang it all," he added, "I never know what I want now. If I was home I could eat an ox."

"Wiley caught the remark. It coincided with the impression that my words had left with him. He left to fill my order. Presently he returned, bringing me my breakfast, nicely cooked and served, and a plate of toast and a cup of tea for my friend."

"The latter turned to the waiter and said: 'I guess you've made a mistake here, my friend. My order was the same as this gentleman's.'"

"Yes, that's so, cap'n," said the waiter. "Ye order de same as de other gentlemen, and I done brought it. Don't is. Der's you eggs and der's you chops and bacon, an' der's you coffee. Dat's right, cap'n. Your breakfast is right afore yo'."

"As he spoke the waiter pointed out articles, some real and some imaginary, with his long, bowy fingers."

"My friend looked at him in amazement. 'What do you mean, waiter, by standing there and telling me that for? Are you crazy?'

"I done tell yo' exact truth, cap'n," replied the waiter in his most persuasive manner. "Yo' breakfast is right afore yo'. Same as dat gentleman's pers'ize."

"If you are not crazy yourself, do you take me to be, or do you think I'm blind or drunk?" replied my companion, hotly.

"Go back this instant," he continued, "and fill my order, or I will have you turned off. Go, I say." He spoke with a rising inflection, which startled the waiter and caused every inmate of the room to glance in wonder at us.

"I caught the waiter's eye and nodded my head. He took it for the further instruction, and began to put the back of the gentleman's head. This was too much for my friend.

"He leaped to his feet, uttering an oath and oversteering his chair at the same time. 'You black rascal,' he said, 'what do you mean by putting your nasty hands on me? I'll beat you within an inch of your life.' He made a move for Wiley.

"The latter dashed for the kitchen. The other waiters huddled in a corner. My friend thought better of his intention and turned to me to make a remark. I could hold back my mirth no longer. I laughed till I cried. I shouted and fairly yelled with delight.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the angry man. Then he saw through the whole affair. "So this is some of your wit, is it? You may laugh and it may be a good joke, but, by Jove, I came near murdering that dandy."

"I say," he said, after he had resumed his seat, "suppose we quit joking on the rest of this trip. I believe we have with us the humor in your favor, but I don't want to run such a chance of murdering a man or making such a fool of myself again."—N. Y. Herald.

PROBABLY "FIXED."

A Waiter Whose Curiosity Could Not Be Kept.

Two men went into a restaurant on Adams street and sat down at a table presided over by a solemn, gloomy-looking functionary in black.

One of the two merely ordered nut-ton chops and a cup of coffee, but the other looked carefully through the bill of fare, laid it down, reflected a few moments, and said:

"Bring me a bunch of toothpicks."

"Yes, sah."

They were brought, and the solemn waiter stood at his elbow, looking off into vacancy while the man picked his teeth.

Another careful inspection of the bill of fare resulted in the order:

"Bring me some ice cream."

The ice cream was brought and disposed of in a leisurely way. The bill of fare was examined again from top to bottom, laid down as before and cogitated upon, and an order for lemon-cream pie was given to the solemn waiter.

The pie was brought and eaten in the same calm, methodical way, the bill of fare studied again, and an order given for stewed peas and sliced cucumbers. The imperturbable waiter stood respectfully by while these were slowly devoured.

"You may bring me some roast beef and brown potatoes," announced the guest, after another prolonged study of the bill of fare.

"Yes, sah."

These were brought and laid before him, and he ate them with great deliberation, after which the bill of fare was subjected to another scrutiny.

"Some bread and butter, please."

"Yes, sah."

While the bread and butter were being slowly absorbed the melancholy waiter stood motionless, looking off into vacancy as before.

"I think I'll take a bowl of tomato soup," said the guest, after another exhaustive perusal of the printed slip.

"Yes, sah."

The waiter brought the soup and stood like a statue of gloom until it was disposed of.

Once more the bill of fare was brought into requisition.

"Now bring me half a dozen blue points on the half-shell."

"Yes, sah."

"Hold on! You needn't do it," exclaimed the guest. "Give it up. My friend here offered to bet me that there was a waiter at this restaurant that wouldn't be his eye if I should eat a square meal without first, and I took him up. I'm out five dollars, but I've learned something."

"Yes, sah," remarked the funeral waiter, and as the two guests picked up their checks and made their way to the cashier's desk he stood erect, with folded arms, looking solemnly away into theathomless depths of space.—Chicago Tribune.

SIXTY-THREE WIVES.

The Family of a Congo Merchant and Some Account of His Country.

The French government has recently begun a careful exploration of the vast territories which came under its sway after the division at the Berlin congress, and which is known as the French Congo.

The farther the explorers proceed the more astonished they are at the character of the population, which in many sections is very warlike and can raise large armies.

Large rivers abound, and the inhabitants spend half their time upon them, hunting the hippopotamus and the elephants which come to feed in the marshes.

The warriors are nearly all armed with spears and shields made of very thick matting and hippopotamus hide. They have considerable knowledge of the art of building and of agriculture. Some of the plantations are well laid out, and yield immense quantities of food with little cultivation.

At Oussou, a large village on a newly discovered island the explorers found better buildings, showing more taste and skill than any seen elsewhere in Central Africa.

The warriors are always prepared to fight everybody who comes along, but can generally be pacified by presents of pearl or porcelain buttons or cotton cloth.

They do not value these objects simply because they are buttons and cloth, but because they serve as money all through the Congo country. One of the chiefs at Oussou possesses no less than sixty-three wives, with whom he lives in an immense walled palace, divided into sixty-three compartments. His whole household amounts to nearly six hundred persons.

This palace is adorned with certain rude paintings and sculptures, indicating that the people with education would develop decided taste for ornament.

The women go naked, with the exception of thin cloths and garters on their right legs. They all have numerous families of very hideous-looking children.

In this district copper bracelets, made with much skill, are used for money. The king keeps a list of all artisans at work making them, so that his treasury is never empty.

Elephant hunting is one of the great industries of the whole region. M'zanga, a king who controls a wide extent of country, and who is reported the greatest drunkard in Congo-land, controls most of the ivory commerce and regularly sends caravans to the coast. He has accumulated a large fortune in elephant tusks, which he exchanges regularly for copper money.

The natives are very willing to hunt the elephant, since they are rewarded by great feasts every time one of the huge beasts are killed.—N. Y. Journal.

THE RABBIT PEST.

Enormous Sums of Money Expended to Abate It.

It is probable that for few persons in this country fully realize the extent of the rabbit pest of Australia. The cost of extermination is collected in the form of a tax or assessment, and in the years from 1883 to 1889 nearly \$5,000,000 were collected and paid out for that purpose. The money is raised by taxing cattle and other animals which depend upon grass for a living. The professional rabbit catchers receive pay for the number of skins turned in, the price varying from two to twenty-five cents each, the highest price being paid in the districts where the rabbits have been pretty well exterminated. A peculiar feature of the situation is the fact that in some sections more money is paid out for rabbits killed than is received for rent of the land.

Some idea of the extent of this plague will be realized when it is known that as many as 5,000,000 skins have been exported from New South Wales in one year, and that during a period of six years there were 600,000 rabbit skins exported from New Zealand, and the government agent states that at least as many more were killed, the skins of which were not exported. In the year ending January 1, 1890, no less than 21,000,000 rabbits were killed by government employes in New South Wales alone.

The ratio of increase seems to be simply enormous, for we are told that the generation of the countless millions now in Australia started from a pair of wild brown rabbits turned loose in the early history of the country. H. C. Taylor, who is in charge of the government bureau for the extermination of rabbits, states that the poverty of two rabbits, at the end of three years, if left undisturbed, would reach the enormous number of 13,700,000.

Some years ago the government of New South Wales offered a reward of £100,000 pounds for some method or process of extermination. Fifteen hundred plans or schemes were offered, but not one of them was satisfactory.—G. L. Hartford, in N. Y. Weekly.

CONSUME MILK FOR FEVER.

A new use has been found for the juice of the urticaria cocoon. This juice, which is the initiated tastes of a singularly malodorous, is a most grateful and cooling drink to those suffering from fever.

It is largely patronized, too, by sailors who seem to acquire more than their usual thirst while in tropical waters, and thirst while in the process of absorbing the liquid from a hole cut in one end of the shell in which a priming of rum has been poured is turned, has been from time immemorial one of their much-cherished recreations as soon as they could escape from their ship. The idea, however, of using the milk of the cocoon as a culture medium for bacteria is a new one. In investigations which have been made in Cuba during the last two years this fluid was used very extensively, and it was found to be a great convenience to have a sterile culture fluid always at hand, ready for use at a moment's notice.—Chicago World.

HIGH SCHOOL BOYS.

A venerable instructor was speaking the other day of the high school graduates. He thought it was gratifying and interesting to note the prominent positions held by the graduates of this institution throughout the city. There are high school boys everywhere. In the banks and law offices, and all businesses they will be found in large numbers. The many high school boys in the newspaper business is surprising. A large percentage, if not a majority, of the men who furnish the local public with their daily journals are those who claim the high school as their alma mater.—Albany Argus.



A Story of the Late War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY.
Author of "Loyal at Last," "My Lady Fancas,"
"The Great Secret," "Fall Among Thieves," Etc.

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CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Frank in the hurry-burly of battle was running hither and thither. Suddenly he saw before him a bare-headed man on horseback, whose uniform he recognized at once.

"General Lyon, sir!" he cried, clapping almost breathless to his stirrup-leather. "Colonel Fulton has sent me to tell you that troops from Kansas City are on their way to your relief."

"Too late—always too late!" was the sad reply.

Just then a cry came from the First Iowa Regiment that they had no Colonel. "Who will lead us?" rang from a hundred throats.

Frank saw General Lyon dash to their front, and heard him cry: "I will lead you! Onward, brave boys of Iowa!"

Picking up a musket that had fallen from a wounded soldier's hand, Frank threw himself into the ranks of the advancing regiment, ever keeping his eyes on that glorious warrior in front.

Oh, God! what's that? The saber drops from the listless arm, the stately figure reels and falls, and the gallant General drops to the earth with a bullet crashing through his head.

CHAPTER VI.—BY THE CAMPFIRE.

Though the Union army was defeated at Wilson's creek, it was not by any means crushed. Major Sturgis, upon whom the command devolved, making a masterly retreat. Frank Besant fraternized with the Iowa boys, by whom he was credited with some gallant conduct, though the din of battle had seemed to him like a dream hard to remember at the awakening.

Of course he had fired as long as his ammunition lasted, and used his bayonet like the rest of them; but as for any particular act of heroism, if such there had been, it had entirely escaped his remembrance.

Of course his new friends were willing to share their rations with him, and blankets were to be had for the picking up, but no one seemed inclined to take the responsibility of giving him orders. "Join your regiment as quick as you can," was the nearest approach to a command he received.

So unfettered and disconsolate he roamed about as he listed, observant of every thing around him, and on a keen lookout for Dick Swaine, who he thought might help him find his regiment.

It was not till some weeks afterwards that he learned how little likely he was to find the staunch Missourian, who had yielded to Mark Henderson's entreaties to join his regiment—not till Frank heard of the brilliant charge Major Zuyonzi with three hundred horsemen made at Springfield on two thousand Confederates, seventy of his men as they rode soberly in hand, falling ere they reached the enemy, when he scattered four hundred Confederate cavalry and routed a regiment of infantry—did he know what had become of Richard Swaine.

So Frank, finding none to help him, helped himself in the best way he could, fighting when there was fighting to do, and giving a helping hand to the ambulance squads whenever occasion demanded his services.

Thus in five days he found himself in Springfield, where the very first person he met was James Lawson driving a light supply wagon.

"Hallo!" that worthy cried, almost dislodging the mule's jaw in his eagerness to stop. "Why, blame me if I ever thought I was going to set eyes on you again, old fellow. Come, jump up alongside me. I've been down to the commissariat master's for some grub, but I'm going right back. And won't the boys be glad to see you?"

"So the regiment's here all right?" "You bet it is. Say, weren't you lucky to miss the charge at Wilson's creek? It almost made me sick to see them

for the sake of old times lend me a ten-dollar bill, could you? We've not received a cent of pay since we left Columbus, and I've been broke. Why, it's a holy outrage the way we're treated. Guess those big-wigs at Washington would holler out pretty lively if pay-day came round and there was nothing in the treasury for them."

"It is a shame," Frank confessed. "Well, could you let me have the dollars?"

"I could," was the frigid response. "Then, will you?" "What do you want it for?" "To send you girl."

"Don't ask me any questions about it," Lawson continued with earnestness. "Give me the money—it will be ruin if you don't."

Frank was puzzled. "Well, here it is, Jim," he said, handing him the bill; "and as the Adjutant might kick against your carrying passengers, I'll get down and walk the rest of the way."

Lawson watched his retreating figure with a curious expression on his face, muttering to himself the while: "That's the best thing you've done for yourself this many a day, Frank Besant, though you don't know it."

They were all glad to see Frank back, especially the Colonel, who had many kind words for the young man, whose story he listened to with intense interest, while Major Hopkins called him to his own tent and made him relate his adventures over again, paying him several handsome compliments. But the best news of all was that his name had been forwarded to the Governor of Ohio for a commission, and these gentlemen thought that their strong recommendations would be favorably received.

From Springfield the regiment went into winter camp at Sedalia, then the terminus of the Union Pacific railroad.

What the men endured during that severe winter under canvas no pen could describe. The weather was exceptionally inclement, and many a gallant fellow, who might have struck a blow for the Union, was either killed outright or exposed to a certain death.

In the midst of this discomfort they were turned out several times to take part in slight engagements, while they celebrated Christmas by capturing a gigantic supply train on its way to Price, together with five hundred prisoners, and what was of more consequence to many of them, "lots of loot."

It was on his return from this expedition that Frank Besant received the glorious tidings that his commission had arrived, and that he was appointed to a Lieutenantcy in his own regiment. A little later and there would have been much grumbling at a man's stepping from the ranks to a seat at the officers' mess-table, but in those days military etiquette was not so strictly observed, and, besides, our hero was too popular for the tongue of envy to be raised against what all thought was a fair, though tardy, recognition of his merits.

This freak of good fortune gave Frank what he so much needed, association with men who, by education and home culture, were nearly his equals, a boon he appreciated, besides rescuing him from the familiar approaches of James Lawson and his friends, a consideration to be by no means ignored.

When spring's first breath modified the icy clutches of winter, the order came for the regiment to march to St. Louis.

Charlie Fulton and Frank were now bosom friends, though they were from different companies, and it was from him that Besant learned of the intended departure.

"They're going to march us the whole blessed way over the railroad ties to save the Government the expense of transportation. It's a shame—a burning shame—especially after the way our poor fellows have suffered from this infernal climate," Fulton declared, with a gust of righteous indignation.

"It's pretty tough, but I guess they'll come out all right," was Frank's cheerful response.

"Oh, besant, how I do envy you that even disposition of yours. Nothing seems to put you out—why, I've been raging ever since I heard the beastly news."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOCAL TIME TABLES.
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